

Brown

November 1993

Alumni Monthly

Lost in Space: The Campus Tour





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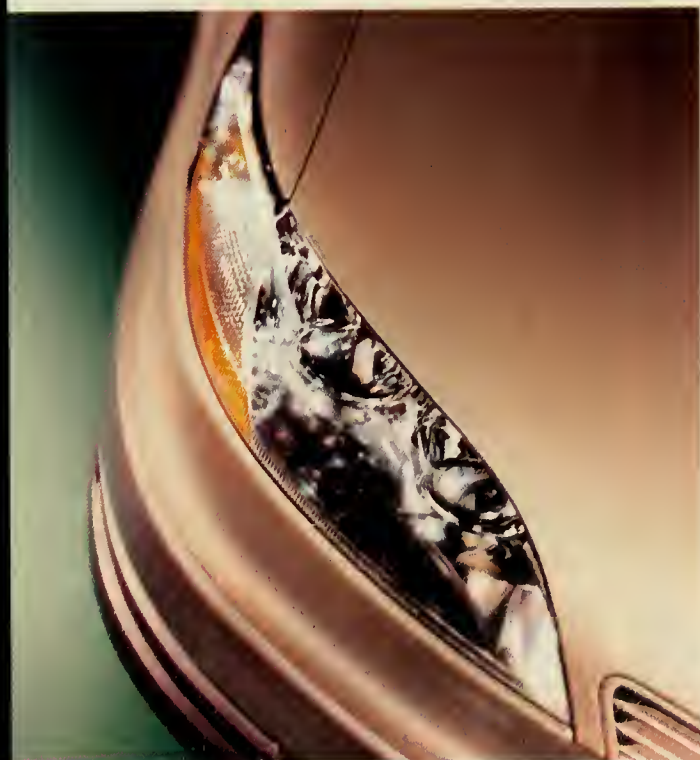
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Brown

November 1993

Alumni Monthly

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The 230th academic year begins . . . cognitive scientist Kathryn Spoehr '69 is the new dean of the Graduate School . . . Latino groups accuse Brown of discrimination . . . the bookstore expands . . . faculty react to the Israel/PLO accord . . . memories of Shakespeare scholar Elmer Blistein '42 . . . and a food fest for fall.



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Brown

Alumni Monthly

November 1993
Volume 94, No. 3

Editor

Anne Hinman Diffily '73

Managing Editor

Charlotte Bruce Harvey '78

Art Director

Kathryn de Boer

Assistant Editor

Jennifer Sutton

Editorial Associate

James Reinbold '74 A.M.

Contributing Writer

Ann Cohen '77

Photography

John Forasté

Design

Sandra Delany

Sandra Kenney

Administrative Assistant

Pamela M. Parker

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Tenold R. Sunde '59

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Carrying the Mail

To our readers

Letters are always welcome, and we try to print all that we receive. Preference will be given to letters that address the content of the magazine. We request that letters be limited to 200 words, and we reserve the right to edit letters for style, clarity, and length. — Editor

Ira's latest crusade

Editor: While reading the article on Ira Magaziner in the June/July issue of the BAM, I was struck by the fact that the Magaziner kids attend an elite, but liberal, private school. Is it not sad that a person who strongly believes in the power of government to effect social change does not feel that government-provided education is adequate for his children?

As with many well-educated, affluent, and even not-so-affluent Americans, Ira has chosen to do the "right thing" for his children. But is it the "right thing" for the future of our society? By segregating these students from the public school system, are we not guaranteeing the failure of that system? Who will be the positive role models? If liberal views are kept locked up in prestigious institutions, how will they be successfully applied in real life situations?

If we give up on the public school system, we eliminate the most powerful forum for meaningful social change. True reform of the public schools does not depend on massive appropriations or innovative programs. It requires leadership.

We need a major commitment from political, business, and social leaders like Ira Magaziner. Only if they take the time and energy to place their children back into public education will educational reform be more than election-year rhetoric.

Jonathan McRoberts '71
Honolulu

Editor: I was most struck by the absence of any philosophic basis that Ira Magaziner brings to health-care finance, unless it is his undiminished belief in big government. Many of us regard "managed competition" as an oxymoron, and reforms coming from a 500-person task force made up of Hill staffers and HEW lifers as a joke. Most Americans would like a system in which the individual has control over his or her expenditures. We do not need prepaid health care any more than we need prepaid super-market services.

There is a better way:

- eliminate the linkage between health coverage and employment;
- give the same tax break for health expenditures to everyone whether one works for GM, is self-employed or unemployed, with income-tax credits for those who fall below a cutoff;
- let the funds be deposited into medical IRAs with individuals paying their own bills and retaining ownership of the balances for future health needs;
- eliminate the crazy state laws that require insurance companies to provide soup-to-nuts policies with everything from drug and alcohol rehabilitation to in-vitro fertilization. Instead, let the private market provide tailored catastrophic health policies with high deductibles to meet the wide variety of individual needs.

By giving individuals control over their own health expenditures, the paperwork will largely go away and the free market will rapidly bring health costs under control. Hospitals and doctors will have to start publishing and explaining their charges, and individuals will make choices, in some cases to do without. Very simply, people spend their own funds more carefully than they do someone else's money.

This is one citizen that hopes Ira's crusade fails. I wish he would stay in bed after 4:30 A.M. or if he must get up,

that he would stay at home and read *The Federalist Papers*.

Richard J. Ramsden '59
Barrington, R.I.

Missing the boat

Editor: I always enjoy the reunion week-end issue with all of John Forasté's great pictures of my old friends looking so good after all these years! I'm confused, however. It was my understanding that reunion weekend is for all alumni, but here I find a picture of a yachting party (The Classes, June/July) to which only the power elite were invited.

Those of us who weren't on the guest list for this exclusive little outing are extremely grateful to *BAM* for at least allowing us to see pictures of the aristocracy enjoying themselves. In the future, I will know not to bother attending any reunions at Brown, since I won't be invited to any of the truly prestigious parties anyway, and will just stay home and watch "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous" on TV instead.

Phyllis Kollmer Santry '66
New York, N.Y.

Racial separatism

Editor: The *Alumni Monthly* reports (Elms, September) that the new director of Brown's Third World Center feels that "At Brown . . . the challenge will be to unite all the minority student organizations under the Third World Center umbrella. . . . I'd like all the students to have an opportunity to interact with each other and learn from each other."

Perhaps it is time for the University to face the greater challenge of uniting all students, not simply minority students, to build a truly inclusive community where all students can interact with each other and learn from each other.

In my experience as a parent of a recent graduate and a NASP volunteer, Brown's policies are either neutral towards the considerable racial segregation on campus or actually encourage it (although I am sure this result is unintended). For instance, the University invites accepted minority high-school seniors to visit the campus at a different time from other accepted seniors. There is a special program for minority freshmen before the "majority" youngsters come to campus.

Is it any wonder that minority stu-

dents choose their first friends from among those the University has separated out for them? When my daughter was a freshman, I was surprised when her dorm played the "Asian volleyball team." When, at her graduation, almost every African-American senior walked down College Hill in a single block, I was no longer surprised.

I'm sure that there are good reasons for programs such as those of the Third World Center to support and encourage minority students. I also understand that the University works to promote understanding and respect among students of all races. But for those of us who believe Brown could offer all of its students a rare opportunity to be part of an inclusive, multiracial community, whatever the University is doing is not enough.

When I was at Pembroke, the College assigned dorm rooms to incoming freshmen by religion and (for the token minorities) by race. It was a misguided policy, but one we accepted without comment: this was how things were done. Thirty-one years later, the campus is equally if not more segregated. Isn't it time for a change?

Marjorie Miller Gustafson '62
Bethesda, Md.

Operatic memories

Editor: The letter by Terry Glaser '73 in the September *BAM* about the Brown Opera Society brought back poignant memories.

I was the recording engineer for many of those performances; in particular, I remember well the production of Benjamin Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in Sayles Hall in June of 1973. It was a real production in the best sense of the word, transforming Sayles Hall into an intimate opera house.

The performance was riveting. While I managed the recording equipment, I became so involved with the stage action that in one memorable moment, it seemed as if I awoke from a trance and discovered to my shock that I was in Sayles Hall with all those presidential portraits on the walls and an opera going on inside!

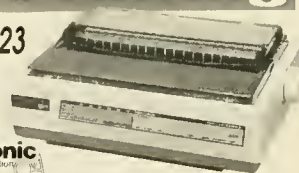
Britten and Shakespeare would have been terribly pleased.

Ed Turco '67, '72 A.M.
Lincoln, R.I.

P.S. The recording came out fine.

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Arnold Weinstein

Editor: How fortunate you included pictures of Arnold Weinstein in your article in the September *BAM*; otherwise, I would hardly have recognized my colleague of fifteen years. You recognize his many strengths as a teacher only to damn with faint praise; but your portrayal of Weinstein's scholarly achievement is unfathomable.

The issues and writers about which Arnold has written four books published at the most prestigious university presses – the production of the self in language and through narratives, urban alienation in the face of commodity culture, space and place, Burroughs, Coover, Morrison, Hawkes, DeLillo – are hot topics in the academy. Fuzzy clichés, left and right, and bandwagon thinking simply don't apply to Weinstein's scholarly work or teaching.

The problems of universalism and of culturally constructed differences cannot be easily pigeonholed as right or left. Perhaps had you bothered to talk with any of the core faculty in comparative literature where Weinstein has taught for over twenty years you might

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have given your readers a portrait equal to Forasté's photographs. Having taught with Arnold, read his books, and shared his table, I am certain he inhabits a "rare niche in today's academy," but not the one into which you have written him.

Karen Newman
Campus

The writer is professor of comparative literature and English. — Editor

Kudos for co-ops

Editor: One of the most positive and influential learning experiences of my undergraduate years was my two-year residency in Carberry and Waterman, two of the three co-op houses that comprise the Brown Association for Cooperative Housing (BACH). The co-ops have provided an affordable, nurturing, and stimulating housing alternative for Brown students for the past twenty-three years.

At the time I lived in the co-ops, we successfully served delicious meals, worked and relaxed together, and even dealt with the occasional crisis that popped up — a visit from the fire marshal,

electrical and plumbing disasters, or renegotiating our lease with Brown. We discussed how great it would be to buy another house and expand co-op living at Brown. Somehow, though, the momentum to tackle such a project was missing. We lacked the group consciousness, time and energy, or staying power as transient residents to realize our dreams.

I am pleasantly surprised to learn, and I know this will interest other alumni, that the co-op's present leadership is very strong and organized. It has already set up an office, organized a reunion in the fall of 1991, and begun a newsletter (write to BACH, Box 2562, Providence, R.I. 02906, to be placed on the mailing list). BACH is also financially secure, with fewer than five years left on Waterman's mortgage and considerable savings in the bank. A serious search for a new house is under way.

Contrary to the stereotype of co-ops as a holdover from the sixties, Carberry, Milhouse, and Waterman are thriving and remain among the most popular housing options at Brown. As alumni, let's stay in touch and offer any assistance we can to ensure that they remain a Brown community institution!

Laura Pierce '90
Providence

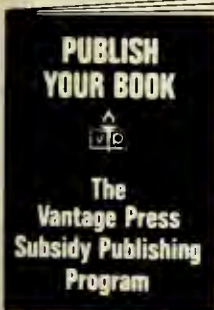
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A fan in Warsaw

Editor: I just returned from my yearly trip home to the United States, and as "college time" is approaching, I had the pleasure and opportunity of being interviewed by alumnus Ed Johnson. After our discussion he presented me with his latest issue of the BAM. I opened to the letters printed within the first few pages, and as I read them all, each paragraph, each sentence, each word on every page, the level of intellect, care, and awareness placed in everything I read was too thrilling to describe. I could literally see the thinking going on, which was very inspiring.

To any alumnus who will take the time to read this, I will say that someone over here in Warsaw, Poland, holds a deep and utter respect as well as admiration for any one alumnus who took advantage of the superior thinking at Brown.

Lauren Saffarewich
Warsaw



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The 230th begins



Alumna Kathryn Spoehr, a cognitive psychologist, is named dean of Brown's Graduate School

Wearing cut-off jeans and Birkenstock sandals, the class of 1997 streamed through the Van Wickles Gates on September 7 to hear Yale's brand-new president, economist Richard C. Levin (above), deliver the Convocation Address. "Liberal education can be a powerful force for protecting the freedom of the individual," Levin reminded the earnest-looking freshmen sitting cross-legged on the Green. "Today, threats to free speech come from within." He urged students to beware both the politically correct and their opponents, and to "be mindful of the need for toleration and respect on both sides."

As an undergraduate, Kathryn Troyer Spoehr '69 was one of Brown's first interdepartmental concentrators, choosing a major — mathematical psychology — that combined her background in mathematics with her nascent interest in cognition. It was, she says with a wry smile, "the ancient precursor of cognitive science."

Since earning her Ph.D. from Stanford in 1973, she has pursued research in cognitive psychology, at Rutgers for a year and since 1974 on the Brown faculty.

Now Spoehr (pronounced "spare"), in addition to continuing as professor in the Department of Cognitive and Linguistic Sciences, is the new dean of the Graduate School

and research at Brown, an appointment that took effect October 1 after a nationwide search. The first woman to hold the position at Brown, she succeeds Phillip J. Stiles, who left in 1992 to become vice chancellor and provost of North Carolina State University.

As dean, Spoehr will oversee policies and programs relating to Brown's thirty-four doctoral-degree programs, as well as the master of arts in teaching (M.A.T.) and four other master's-degree programs. She also will be responsible for University research policy and monitoring. Sponsored research activities are the second-largest form of University income after student fees. They also account

for some 29 percent of Brown's expenditures.

In announcing Spoehr's appointment, President Vartan Gregorian praised her "deep understanding of research issues and graduate education." Her new boss, Provost Frank Rothman, cited her "knowledge of Brown, her standing as a teacher and scholar, and her administrative experience." Spoehr served as associate provost for budget and planning under former Provost Maurice Glicksman from 1982 through 1985 – a period when that office undertook and implemented a comprehensive, and controversial, faculty staffing plan. She also chaired her department from 1991 to 1993, and has served on numerous University committees.

Reflecting on her undergraduate days, Spoehr recalls the "wonderful experience" of doing summer research on artificial intelligence with psychology professor Richard Millward. "Having a graduate school and an active research faculty is what makes Brown special for undergraduates," she said in an interview shortly before assuming her new duties.

Sitting in her Metcalf Laboratory building office in late September, Spoehr allowed that it was too soon for her to articulate any definite plans for her deanship. But it became clear that visibility and interdisciplinary work are high priorities. Spoehr said the location of the Graduate School offices on the top floor of the fortress-like Graduate Center complex several blocks from the main campus is a problem, "both symbolically and practically."

And as someone whose research career has spanned psychology, computer science, and artificial intelligence, Spoehr has some difficulty

with the current policy of limiting Ph.D. programs to departments. "Because our graduate programs are narrowly focused," she said, "we're not making good use of the interdisciplinary strength of Brown's faculty." Many "hot areas" for Ph.D. employment, she added, "are not focused within a single department." Specialization at the graduate level is not unique to Brown: "Graduate students everywhere," Spoehr said, "spend all their time within their own department, with the same professors and students."

Spoehr noted that a report

linguistics, and computer science. Her own research has evolved from an early focus on basic problems of cognition, such as visual information-processing and reading, to an application of cognitive-science principles, including modern computer technology, to issues of classroom teaching and learning.

"Since 1980," Spoehr explained, "most of my research has looked at the problem of how people gain expertise. What characterizes the process of going from a novice to an expert on a topic?" The answer, she said, is that "at

how people build mental models."

Currently Spoehr is involved in a high-school-based project in four states (Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Maine, and Oregon) that has developed computer-based hypermedia kits to supplement the teaching of history. The software enables students to wend through an "associational network" of information, often jumping disciplines in the process. "We built an engine," she explained, "so that kids can direct their own learning and build their own presentations on the com-

puter. Hypermedia," she added, "is a natural machine-based way to represent what experts have in their heads."

The hypermedia curriculum was developed by four veteran history teachers – one of them Spoehr's husband, Luther, who teaches at the Lincoln School in Providence. (The couple, who have two young sons, met at Stanford – cutting across the departmental boundaries that inhibit most such interdisciplinary social interactions. "I'm the excep-

tion to the rule," Kathy Spoehr said, smiling.)

The dean hopes to continue her research while carrying out her new duties. In addition to academic and budgetary planning, she will look for ways to supplement an ongoing reallocation of University funds for graduate stipends and research assistantships – a current weakness that makes it hard for Brown to compete with better-funded graduate schools for the best students. It all sounds like a very full and diversified plate – a challenge suited to someone, like Kathy Spoehr, who has built her career on crossing boundaries and bringing together different disciplines. – A.D.



Kathryn Spoehr: "The most marketable Ph.D.s are going to be those with more than one narrow discipline."

last spring by the Academic Directions Committee recommended that no new graduate programs be added. "I'm not sure I agree," she commented, "but we do need to look critically at what we have. Brown may be trying to do too much." There is a possibility, she added, that some graduate programs might be phased out. "Whatever we do, my goal is to do it right," she said.

Spoehr was one of the architects of Brown's Department of Cognitive and Linguistic Sciences. Established in 1986, it brought together faculty with related interests from the fields of psychology,

certain points, you reorganize your knowledge. It's like my sons' sock drawer," she added. "If you put too much stuff in it, you can't find anything. But if you organize it – sports socks here, dress socks there – you can find what you need."

Spoehr reached for a toy helicopter made of Lego-like parts. "This isn't a toy," she said, deadpan; "it's a research tool." Studying how children and adults build the helicopter and other models helps to illuminate the way people translate written instructions into work. "You have to have a scaffold, a plan in your head," she said. "It's all about

Local Latino groups charge discrimination following dismissal of affirmative-action head

At a September 3 meeting with Executive Vice President for External Affairs Robert A. Reichley and Vice President for Government and Community Affairs Levi C. Adams, leaders of several local community organizations accused Brown of discriminating against Hispanics. The Latino leaders indicated their intention to file a complaint with the U.S. Office for Civil Rights; however, Reichley says, "there is no evidence that a complaint has been filed."

While the Corporation met October 8, about 120 students rallied on the Green to protest Brown's lack of Latino employees.

The community leaders had written President Vartan Gregorian on August 13, alleging that "Latino students and employees face serious problems of discrimination and mistreatment including threats, intimidation, harassment, and punitive behavior." The letter cited "continuing underrepresentation at Brown of Latino undergraduate and postgraduate students, plus severe chronic underrepresentation of Latinos in academic and administrative positions and nonacademic employment." It alleged Latinos are "barely represented" among Brown employees.

The Koven brothers

In preparing September's feature on the Brown crew, we were given erroneous information as to the identities of Jamie ('95) and Gus ('93) Koven. We have been advised that the photo on page 21 was of Jamie, not Gus; and in the key to the team photo on page 26, the brothers were transposed.

The *BAM* regrets the errors.

Gregorian released the text of a letter he sent leaders of thirteen community groups in response to the allegations. He expressed surprise that no complaints had been filed using the University's established grievance procedures.

Gregorian defended Brown's efforts to recruit Hispanic students, noting that their matriculation rate has risen 41 percent since his arrival in 1988. He pointed out that several key administrative posts are held by minorities, including the senior vice president for finance and administration, the vice president and general counsel,

the vice president for government and community affairs, the associate provost, and Gregorian's executive assistant, all of whom are African-American. The new director of financial aid is Latino, as are three new admission officers, Gregorian noted.

The accusations were sparked by the University's dismissal of Director of Equal Employment Opportunity and Affirmative Action William Baily Jr., a Latino. The University has mounted a nationwide search for Baily's successor, and he has filed an internal grievance. "The case has been reviewed by another

senior officer and is now in the grievance process," Reichley says. "No decision has come back."

The community leaders accused Baily's supervisor, Donald Reaves, senior vice president for finance and administration and an African-American, of "callousness and arbitrariness. His abrupt and punitive dismissal of Brown's director of affirmative action, a respected Latino with solid national credentials in this professional field, demonstrates a lack of sensitivity," the letter read.

University officers have refused to comment on Baily's case, citing a policy of confidentiality on personnel matters. — C.B.H.

Inquiring Minds

Q Why do children like dinosaurs so much?

A Lewis P. Lipsitt replies: Children like big animals — just as adults do. That's why we go see elephants and giraffes in the zoo. The exotic, strange, and menacing engage our attention — under otherwise safe conditions.

Children grow up suspecting that the greatest threats to their well-being are the big, powerful, and strange beings, such as dinosaurs, whose capacity to injure and destroy pose enormous challenges. Anxiety over strangers is in fact built into us, psychologically, and is manifested in infancy.

Getting overpowered is a major concern of children, who can be awestruck and captivated at the same time they are terrified. After all, the strange can be wondrous while scary, beautiful though ugly, and both nurturing and demanding. The contrasts are critical. Childhood dreams are made of this stuff.

Movies and television shows about monstrous creatures, under safe conditions and with an opportunity to talk about their

fears, give children of all ages an opportunity to expose and deal with their real concerns, just as not-so-nice fairy tales have done for a long time.



Lewis P. Lipsitt is professor of psychology and medical science, the founding director of Brown's Child Study Center (where he is pictured above with a young friend), and editor of the Brown University Child and Adolescent Letter.

If you have a question for a member of the Brown faculty, please send it to Inquiring Minds, BAM, Box 1854, Providence, R.I. 02912.

Bookstore renovations complete

The Brown Bookstore on Thayer Street bustles all year long, but the last week of September was especially busy: the store threw a seven-day party to celebrate the completion of eighteen months of renovations.

There were daily readings by such authors as Bebe Moore Campbell (*Your Blues Ain't Like Mine*), Vikram Seth (*A Suitable Boy*), and Roger Kahn (*The Boys of Summer*). Scholar Susan Bordo (*Unbearable Weight: Feminism, Western Culture and the Body*) gave a presentation on her work. And local authors David Macaulay (*The Way Things Work*) and Andries van Dam, professor of computer science and computer-graphics pioneer, signed their books. Jazz musicians entertained browsers, the Big Nazo puppets (a Providence favorite) performed, and book discounts and door prizes abounded.

The renovations, most of which were completed months ago, have turned the bookstore into a "real store," according to customer comments overheard by Director Larry Carr. "Two years ago, the Thayer Street Business Association came to Brown, looking for cooperation in revitalizing the area," Carr says. "Everyone agreed the bookstore was an important anchor and should act and look like an anchor."

The University hired an architect to suggest a redesign, and when both Brown administrators and neighboring businesses liked what they saw, the work began. In addition to creating a new building façade on Thayer and Angell streets, the bookstore revamped its interior. The Hospital Trust bank branch, previously located on the ground floor, moved into smaller quarters in the basement, and the Campus Shop

was expanded onto two floors. The existing selection of clothing, groceries, and drug-store items has increased, and new products are available, such as computer software.

Bookstore offices were relocated to create more shelf space, and Carr predicts that 10,000 new titles will be added to the general book section on the ground floor. In the basement, a rack holds 500 different magazines – with more to come – and Peaberry's, a neighboring coffeehouse, sells gourmet java and baked



On the corner of Angell and Thayer streets (above), new neon signs and striped awnings signal the bookstore's more assertively commercial look. The interior expansion will allow the addition of 10,000 new titles to the main-floor general book section (at left).

goods from a kiosk. Carr says the store eventually will offer a picture-framing service in the basement.

"Any category you see we were able to expand," he says. "Before, if we wanted to add a product, we had to subtract something. We were just gridlocked, maxed out."

The renovations cost \$2 million, half of which came directly from the store's reserve fund for physical improvements. The other half

came in the form of a loan from Brown, which the bookstore will repay over the next ten years. A steep price, Carr admits, but well worth it. "Bookselling competition has increased dramatically in recent years, with huge stores moving in around Providence," he says. "They're like Wal-Mart – big and cheap. We had to do something to attract customers; otherwise, they'll have fewer and fewer reasons to come to Thayer Street."

So far, the bookstore's new look has elicited mixed reactions. "There seems to be more emphasis on clothes than books," commented Jennifer Kiddie '75 A.M. during opening week. Anna Atamian, a freshman from New York City, disagreed. "The other college bookstores I've seen aren't as big as this. It's kind of like a Barnes and Noble," she said. "I wouldn't think of going anywhere else." – J.S.

Campus experts react to Israel-PLO accord

September 13: Millions watched with amazement and hope as Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin and Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO) Chairman Yasir Arafat shook hands on the White House lawn, as the unprecedented image flashed around the world on television screens and newspaper front pages. After months of secret negotiations, the two leaders formally recognized the existence of each other's people and agreed to begin negotiations toward establishing Palestinian self-government.

The BAM's Jennifer Sutton asked six members of the faculty who have lived in and studied the Middle East for their reactions to the historic accord.

"An enormous challenge"

CALVIN GOLDSCHIEDER

Chairman of the sociology department and professor of Judaic studies; former chairman of the demography department and professor of sociology at Hebrew University, Jerusalem

The signing of the accord was a historic act and a symbolic act. But while symbols are powerful and immediate, achieving peace is a process; it takes time to unfold. There is an enormous challenge to politicians and leaders of Jews and Arabs to make the change happen.

We need to think about the peace process with a long-term perspective; it may take a generation. I think this generation is lost because everyone has grown up with hostility, believing the other side is the enemy. The history, the cultures, the rhetoric – everything will get in the way. But think of it as a bad marriage, with the two parents fighting all the time. The children grow up sick of the fighting, so they go out and solve problems on their own. We can train the next generation.

It's [also] going to take money. The Gaza strip has been abandoned; it's the most underdeveloped part of the Middle East. There's no infrastructure, no streets, no jobs, bad education. The question is how to convince wealthy countries to invest in propping up the PLO into positive shape. The United States will invest, but it always invests in whatever supports its political and economic interests.



Alan Zuckerman

In ten years, when we have a new president, we may have different priorities.

Will the world invest in peace?

JO-ANN HART

Assistant professor of political science specializing in Middle Eastern politics and regional security; currently visiting professor of strategy at the Naval War College, Newport, Rhode Island

What was signed is an agreement to begin negotiating. That's it. Nothing has actually been settled, and there's a somewhat limited purview of what (the two parties are) willing to work on. They've put most of the hardest questions – Jerusalem, where both Israelis and Palestinians claim sovereignty; Jewish settlers in the West Bank; Islamic and Jewish fundamentalism – at the bottom of the list. Both sides are serious about peace, but everyone recognizes how difficult this will be. We can't overstate the point that it's just begun.

The PLO may have gotten some autonomy, but they've inherited a huge set of problems along with it. A lot of money and attention will have to be paid if any positive, progressive change

is to be sustained, and serious development and investment needs to take place if (the Palestinian) people are to experience real stability in their lives and feel they have a stake in continuing the peace.

What the United States has set aside pales in comparison to [its commitment] during the Camp David talks, when President Jimmy Carter had the checkbook in hand and billions of dollars were poured into Egypt. Will the world continue its commitment, or will the Palestinians essentially be on their own?

A chance to do the right thing

ALAN ZUCKERMAN

Professor of political science and Judaic studies; frequent visiting professor of political science at Tel Aviv University in Israel

The accord is not just a beginning; it's a huge step forward. It gives both the Palestinians and the Israelis the opportunity to do the right thing: the Israelis can stop ruling another people, and the Palestinians can build their own institutions and stop attacking Israelis.

I think Israel will stay with this position because public opinion has been moving toward making peace with the

Palestinians. The current government has staked its political future on peace.

What this does for Palestinians is more critical than what it does for Israelis. Although the PLO already was legitimate in a spiritual sense, this legitimizes it in a day-to-day sense. Past ties between PLO officials and the Palestinian people were built primarily on rhetoric. Now they can build formal ties, ties between a people and their government. The more successful the PLO officials are, the easier it will be for them to negotiate with Israel and eventually take over more of the West Bank. For the PLO, the cost of failure is extinction.

The big issue is how many people are in active opposition. About 40 percent of Israelis have said they oppose the accord, but the number of people who have gone out and protested has been relatively small. From Israel's perspective, the key is to keep Israelis from being attacked. If the police can do that, then Israel will stay in the peace process.

"No longer marginal"

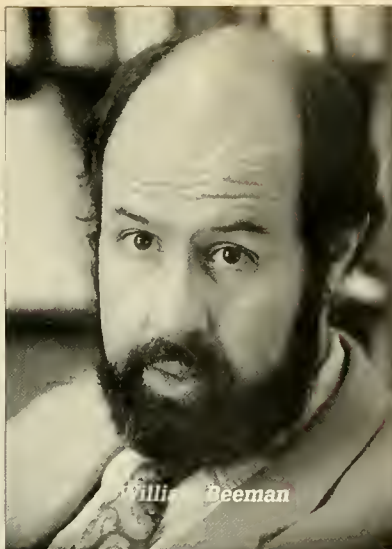
SUSAN SLYOMOVICS

Assistant professor of comparative literature with a specialty in Arabic literature

The accord fills me with hope and despair. It's a long-overdue recognition of the PLO and the Palestinian people, but the whole thing is so difficult to read. There is no mention of so many things, such as the Israeli settlements and whether Israel will withdraw completely from the occupied territories. Still, I never expected to see such a thing.

The idea of the Palestinian police force is disquieting. There is historical precedent for refusing to set up such a force until power is truly shared. Otherwise it can establish a group of people who oppress their own people.

I'm looking at the accord in a literary context. There are Palestinian Arabs, writers and poets, who hold Israeli citizenship. Their writing, their voice, comes out of the violence that has been done to the Palestinian people, but they've been marginalized by all sides. The prevailing image before was of a freedom fighter: if violence was done to your people, you fought. If you stayed put, that was unheroic. But now these writers are heroes for staying put, for saying who they are and what has been. I would hope that those who have been kept on the margins will no longer be marginal.



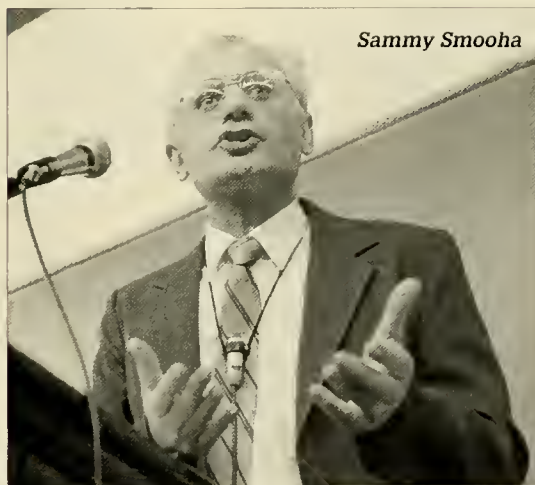
"Symbols cut both ways"

WILLIAM BEEMAN

Associate professor of anthropology with a specialty in Middle East relations, and former member of a United Nations commission that investigated conditions in Palestinian refugee camps

Some people want this to do more than it ever can do in terms of bringing a generalized peace to the Middle East. For a long time, the Palestinian issue has been a sort of symbolic touchstone for all the tensions that exist there, and that's a great misconception of Westerners.

The achievement in this is that after years and years, the Palestinians and



the Israelis have agreed that each other exists. For the Palestinians, who have suffered tremendously at the hands of Israel and all the other Arab nations in the area, this is a beginning to try and get back on their feet as a nation.

The handshake [on the White House lawn] is a symbol of many things for

many people. For some people, it's probably a symbol of treachery as well as a symbol of hope. In the United States, we thought Anwar Sadat was a remarkable individual willing to make great sacrifices for peace, but for the extremists who killed him, he was simply a traitor selling out an entire nation. Symbols cut both ways.

"Grounds for cooperation and trust"

SAMMY SMOOHA

Professor of sociology at Haifa University in Israel and frequent visiting professor of Judaic studies at Brown

The accord signals the erosion and possibly the collapse of the system of belligerency between Israel and the Arab world. It sets the grounds for building a new system of cooperation and trust. The initial signs of the new system can already be seen: there is cooperation between the Israeli and Palestinian missions at the United Nations; talks between Israel Defense Forces and the PLO on security arrangements are soon to open; Israel is active in raising funds for the Palestinians.

Although I'm optimistic regarding the chances of arriving at a successful final settlement, it will take five years to achieve. Negotiations on the main issues are postponed: the fate of Jerusalem, the depth of Israel's withdrawal, how many refugees will be allowed to return, and whether Israel will permit the formation of a Palestinian state.

I think the power of opponents to the accord is overexaggerated, but it can present problems and cause delays. Contrary to widespread fears, I do not expect a civil war in Israel, nor an opposition that can block the peace process.

The Israel-PLO accord [takes its place among] the following historical breakthroughs of the last three years: the end of the Cold War, the liberation of Eastern Europe, the breakup of the Soviet Union, and the end of apartheid in South Africa. These historical events are far from being isolated but rather are mutually reinforcing.

Child-care advocate Barbara Reisman, thirteen others, honored at annual Alumni Recognition Ceremony

Amid the pride and pleasure of the tenth annual Alumni Recognition Ceremony on the evening of September 10, the principal honoree, Barbara J. Reisman '71, sounded a note of poignant urgency.

"We can pay for good child care now, or we can pay later," said Reisman, executive director of the New York-based Child Care Action Campaign (BAM, April), in her remarks after receiving the Associated Alumni's highest honor, the William Rogers Award. Reisman's organiza-

tion develops and promotes policies and programs to increase the availability of affordable, quality child care in this country. Noting that the United States lags behind the rest of the industrialized world in having no national child-care policy, Reisman pointed out that the average cost of quality child care is \$8,000 per year, while most Americans can afford to pay no more than \$3,000.



Such a gap means that too often children are left with unlicensed, unqualified care providers, Reisman said, resulting in such outrages as the recent deaths in a fire of children cared for by an eighty-year-old woman in New York City. Reisman, whose husband and two children were in the audience for the awards ceremony, barely controlled the emotion in her voice as she described the tragedy. She received a long ovation after her remarks.

In giving Reisman the William Rogers Award, the Associated Alumni recognized her as an alumna "whose service to society in general is representative of the words of the Brown Charter: living a life '... of usefulness and reputation.'" The award is named for Brown's first student, William Rogers, who enrolled in 1765 and graduated with the first class in 1769.

Also feted at the ceremony in Salomon Hall were this year's Brown Bear Award recipients, honored for their outstanding service to Brown over many years. They were:

- Elizabeth Goodale Kenyon '39 of Warwick, Rhode Island, a trustee emerita who was a key figure in the merger of Brown's and Pembroke's respective alumni/ae associations in 1972.

- Judge Joseph L. Tauro '53 of Marblehead, Massachusetts, a trustee emeritus who currently chairs the Corporation Committee on Athletics and is a founder and past president of the Brown Club of Boston. He is chief judge, U.S. District Court, Boston.

- Thomas J. Watson Jr. '37, currently a Brown Fellow, trustee emeritus, former vice chancellor, and one of the University's most generous donors. He was awarded the Susan Colver Rosenberger Medal, the faculty's highest



Alumni honorees on September 10 were William Rogers Award winner Barbara Reisman '71 (at left), and a flock of Bruno admirers (above). Seated, left to right: Joseph Tauro '53 and Elizabeth Goodale Kenyon '39. Standing, left to right: Teri Williams Cohee '79, William Brisk '60, Ross deMatteo II '35, Richard Landau '68, Daniel Cain '68, Joan Kopf Tiedemann '58, and Joan Anderson Friend '54. With Bruno: Neil Kiely IV '74, Richard Trull '68, and Gail McCann '75. (Absent: Thomas J. Watson Jr. '37.)

honor, in 1968. He is chairman emeritus of IBM.

This year's recipients of the H. Anthony Ittleson '60 Award for extraordinary work on behalf of the Brown Annual Fund were Daniel M. Cain '68, West Cornwall, Connecticut; and Richard S. Landau '68, New York City. They were co-chairs of their class's 25th reunion gift effort, which raised a record-breaking \$1.95 million for the University last year.

Honored with Alumni Service Awards for their con-

tinued volunteer activities on behalf of Brown were William J. Brisk '60, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts; Teri Williams Cohee '70, New York City; Ross A. DeMatteo II '35, Bradenton, Florida; Joan Anderson Friend '54, New Orleans; Cornelius E. "Neil" Kiley IV '74, Barrington, Rhode Island; Gail E. McCann '75, Cranston, Rhode Island; Joan Kopf Tiedemann '58, Baldwin, New York; and Richard B. Trull '68, Boxford, Massachusetts.

— A.D.

What's Cooking?

Some menus to be thankful for (or not)

The following was noted in the July 1962 issue of the BAM:

"Only at a banquet for a Brown Club would they have had such a menu as the one found at the 94th annual banquet of Brown men in New York City:

Fresh fruit cup, College Hill
Prime ribs of beef, Bruno
Baked potato, Providence Plantations
Legumes, Lincoln Field
Salad, Sayles
Apple pie with cheese, Carberry"

.....

One quality that set Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity apart from other fraternities was gourmandism. "They really knew how to eat," says University Archivist Martha Mitchell. This menu from the reunion dinner on November 18, 1875, bears witness:

Menu

Huîtres

Reluge

OX TAIL À L'ANGLAISE

Hors L'œuvre

BOUCHÉES AU SALPICON

Releris

BASS À LA HOLLANDAISE
FILET DE BOEUF AUX CHAMPIGNONS

Entrées

POULET À LA MADELEINE
RIS DE VEAU SAUCE PÉRIGUEUX
MAYONNAISE DE HOMARD

Arbet

AU RHUM

Relis

CAILLES MALLARD DUCK

Entremets

EPINARDS PETITS POIS HARICOTS VERTS

Sucrés

PUDDING DE FRUITS À LA BAGRATION
GELÉE AU KIRSCH MOSCOVITE AUX FRAISES
GÂTEAU SAVARIN CORBEILLE CHANTILLY

Glaces Napolitaines

PIÈCES MONTÉES FRUITS & DESSERT

As a regular feature The Brown Daily Herald prints the menu of the Sharpe Refectory. A typical "Ratty" offering from the fall of 1993:



BROWN ARCHIVES



MENU

Lunch

Vegetarian Tomato Cabbage Soup • Chicken Rice Soup
Hot Roast Beef on French Bread • Spinach Pie Casserole
French Style Green Beans Almondine • Chocolate Brownies

Dinner

Vegetarian Tomato Cabbage Soup • Lemon Broiled Chicken
Meatloaf with Mushroom Sauce • Indian Style Chick Peas
Paprika Potatoes • Brussels Sprouts • Mashed Turnips
Whole Wheat Seed Bread • Chocolate Chip Date Cake

Off-campus, the food options are overwhelming

Number of restaurants on and just off Thayer Street
30

Number of cuisines
8

Most famous off-campus eatery Louis', where John Kennedy '83 was spotted having breakfast with Darryl Hannah on reunion weekend

Power lunch
Faculty Club

Gone but not forgotten
The Hungry Sheik, Lloyd's,
Ronnie's Rascal House,
International House of Pancakes,
Beef 'n' Bun, Alfredo's

Fast-food sex change
Wendy's to Papa Gino's

Newest on the block
Siam Garden

Best bargain
Lunch cart in front of
Brown Bookstore
(Tums™ available from
Store 24 across the street)



LOUIS'



Elmer M. Blistein: Bibliophilia and infinite jest

The late Elmer M. Blistein, triple alumnus and emeritus professor of English, was fond of saying that he arrived at Brown as a freshman in September 1938 and never left. A native of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, he received his bachelor's degree in 1942 and returned after his discharge from the Army in 1946 as both an instructor and a graduate student.

When he died on September 3 of congestive heart failure, at the age of seventy-three, Blistein had been retired from the faculty since 1985. But he had remained visible on campus, attending alumni and other University events with his wife, Sophia "Sophie" Schaffer Blistein '41, and continuing to be active in the Friends of the Brown University Library.

An eagle-eyed reader and grader of student papers and theses – and of this magazine, during his years on its board of editors – Blistein taught Shakespeare, Elizabethan drama, and courses on the nature of comedy. In the 1970s, he bowed to student

pleas and taught what became a very popular course on Sherlock Holmes.

"He was famous for his keen wit and often sardonic sense of humor, and for his infallible memory," says Elizabeth Kirk, chair of the English department. "He was the department oracle on any debated question of correct English usage. His Shakespeare seminar was one of the central features of the English honors program."

Blistein brought Shakespeare to life with humor, often using contemporary analogies to skewer a character. He once described Julius Caesar as "the Adlai Stevenson of pre-Augustine Rome." An article in the *Boston Herald-Traveler* in 1967 described him as looking like "a smaller, thinner version of Jack E. Leonard, and using a delivery similar to that of one of his all-time favorites, W.C. Fields."

His book, *Comedy in*

Action, won an award for the best book on comedy published in 1964. With colleagues Edward A. Bloom and Charles H. Philbrick II, he published *The Order of Poetry: An Introduction and The Variety of Poetry: An Anthology*. He edited *The Drama of the Renaissance*, *Essays for Leister Bradner*, and George Peele's *David and Bathsheba*.

He had a long association with Josiah S. Carberry, Brown's mythical professor of psychoceramics, and was appointed a half-cohort of the Carberry Fund at its founding in 1955. Blistein always spoke with Carberriesque certitude when yet another newspaper reporter picked up on the elusive professor, usually around the thirteenth of the month, and called the University for details. Blistein told the *Houston Chronicle* in 1978, "I know pretty well where he [Carberry] isn't. I never know where he is. He isn't

here and he probably won't be. I did get a letter from a museum in southwestern Arizona and he wasn't there."

Editor for twenty years (1953–1973) of *Books At Brown*, the official publication of the Friends of the Library, Blistein chaired the organization and in more recent years was cochair of the publications and lectureships committee. He was a corporation member of the Providence Public Library, and for many years chaired the book committee for the Providence Athenaeum, where he helped build the nonfiction collection. He was a corporation member of the Robert Beverly Hale Library in the Matunuck section of South Kingstown, Rhode Island.

University Librarian Merrily Taylor recently recalled Blistein's kinship with libraries. "Like librarians, Elmer had to spend a lot of time in libraries, but this to him was no chore," she said. "Long after he retired, Elmer was still combing the stacks of the Rockefeller Library, chasing down that elusive citation

and taking the time to stop by some staff member's desk for a chat.

"In a curious way," Taylor continued, "his last years in the library seemed a mirror of his days as a Brown student, when as an honor student he had the rare privilege of entrance to the John Hay stacks and used it daily. Sophie tells me that, as a commuting student from Pawtucket, Elmer holed up with his typewriter in a room on the third floor of the Hay and all but lived there. Perhaps it was in the John Hay that he first contracted bibliophilia."

Blistein edited the book section of the *Brown Alumni Monthly* and served on its board of editors for many years. He was a trustee of Women & Infants Hospital, Providence; a member of the Pawtucket School Committee; and a corporation member of the Rhode Island Youth Guidance Clinic. He served as president and secretary of the Rhode Island Alpha of Phi Beta Kappa, and as president of the Brown Faculty Club.

In 1985 the building that houses the graduate program in creative writing was dedicated as the Elmer M. Blistein House. An endowed prize is given yearly in honor of Blistein to the best senior student in Shakespeare studies.

He was one of the best-liked and most respected members of the faculty, yet he was fond of stating, with all due seriousness, that his greatest claim to fame lay in the fact that he was "king of the Faculty Club's billiards room." His victories on the green felt were due as much to a constant line of comic patter as to his cue-stick skills. As more than one of his opponents remarked over the years, "It's tough to shoot billiards when you're laughing."

In addition to his widow, who resides at 99 Alumni Avenue, Providence 02906; Elmer Blistein leaves two

Man, he was impressive

Richard Nurse '61 was one of several former students who spoke at Elmer Blistein's October 7 memorial service in Manning Chapel. Nurse is assistant vice president for undergraduate education at Rutgers, where he also teaches – "you guessed it – English." Excerpts from his remarks follow.



Decades before phrases like "multicultural understanding" and "role models" were part of the academic lexicon, there was, for a fortunate band of us who lived in Jameson House in the late 1950s, Elmer Blistein. He and his wife Sophie were our resident fellows. They gave us a palpable, living example of what those expressions of political correctness would come to mean. In their apartment on Wednesday nights, I grew to understand how one handled oneself in scholarly debate, in social banter, and in treating young people with respect.

At nineteen years old, it seemed to me there was literally nothing that Professor Blistein did not know something about. Mrs. Blistein would occasionally comment that there was nothing about which Elmer did not have an opinion, which was something slightly different.

There were books everywhere we looked. Books on philosophy, poetry, history, bibliography. Books and books of Shakespeare and Sherlock Holmes. Since those days I have found that many academics have wonderful libraries, but few of them can go instantly to a specific volume without at least a short search. None but Elmer Blistein could cite, then locate, an esoteric quote on a precise page in a volume, thereby settling our arguments once and for all. "Man," as he would say, that was impressive.

In those days I had put together a folk-singing group. I had a bongo player named Carl Hirsch, a sweet-voiced Pembroke soprano to give us a little class, and me on the acoustic guitar and blues vocals. One

night we were appearing at Jameson House, with the Blisteins chaperoning, and we made the mistake of asking for requests. The good professor named a song we had never heard of, so he offered to sing it if we would do the instrumentals. He stole our thunder and brought the house down with an inimitable, full-voiced arrangement of Ma Rainey's "Give me a pigfoot and a bottle of beer." Where he learned that, I do not know.

I was born in Harlem and raised in Bedford-Stuyvesant in Brooklyn. When I arrived at Brown in 1957, there were only two other African-American students in my class. Although my classmates were cordial and the faculty was polite, I was smart enough to sense that I was out of place. The day I arrived, I broke out in a nervous rash so virulent that it took daily treatments at the infirmary well into October to subdue it. In those days there were no programs to sensitize others about how to act toward me, and I began to drift academically.

At that time Elmer Blistein was faculty advisor to the Phi Beta Kappa society, many of whose members had been selected to represent Brown at the College Bowl television quiz game. For several weeks they met at the Blistein apartment, where the professor would fire questions at them in preparation for the big showdown. One day he invited me to join them. Now I was not a Phi Beta, but every once in a while I would come up with the answer before any of the others. From that day on, things began to turn around for me.

What Professor Blistein did required no special program. It didn't call for extra resources. It didn't require that he be black or Latino. All he did was to invite me into a situation where I had convinced myself I did not belong. It was a small thing, but what he had done was to publicly affirm my intellect, my personhood. That was all I had ever needed or wanted in the first place. Sometimes I have to wonder that if Elmer Blistein intuitively understood that thirty-five years ago, why it is so hard, for so many, to comprehend today.

sons, Adam and David; two sisters, including Sybil Blistein Kern '46; and three grandchildren.

Contributions in his

memory may be made to the Sophia Schaffer and Elmer M. Blistein Book Fund, c/o the Library at Brown University, Box A, Providence, R.I.

02912; to the Providence Athenaeum; or to Hospice Care of Rhode Island, 169 George St., Pawtucket, R.I. 02860. – J.R.

Providence gala begins series of regional campaign kickoffs



Brown has never been stronger or more secure in its mission," exulted President Vartan Gregorian on September 23, as Brown's four-year comprehensive campaign entered its second phase with a kickoff celebration for Providence and Rhode Island alumni and friends. "We are Brown," Gregorian told a dinner audience in the magically-transformed Olney-Margolies Athletic Center. "And we want to be no one else. We make no apologies that Brown has forged its own course."

After those assertions of pride – which perhaps were in response to a *National Review* article that criticized the University's unique undergraduate curriculum – Gregorian went on to address the academic and public-service achievements of students and alumni. He noted that the University charter, in stipulating that graduates be prepared to lead "lives of usefulness and reputation," had made leadership a Brown priority from the beginning. "The world," Gregorian said, "is desperate for inspired,

effective, and ethical leadership – for a civilized intelligence." Such leadership, he said, flowed naturally from Brown's "precious trinity: teaching, research, and public service."

Vice Chancellor Artemis A.W. Joukowsky '55 opened the event by announcing that to date, the campaign had tallied \$245 million in gifts and pledges toward its \$450-million goal. "Rhode Islanders," he added with a nod to the hometown crowd, "have already pledged \$34 million; only metropolitan New Yorkers have pledged more to date." Joukowsky closed by encouraging stewardship with a verse from the gospel according to St. Luke: "To whom much is given, from him much is required."

Earlier in the day, alumni and other guests attended three colloquiums led by Brown faculty and alumni. Dr. Alicia Patterson Monroe '73 (at left), assistant professor of family medicine in the Brown Medical School, was among the panelists who spoke on universal health care.



Dr. Alicia Monroe '73



Dancer
Keith Glassman '76
visited Brown's
Ashamu Dance Studio
in mid-September to
lead several master
classes. A freelance
choreographer in New
York City, Glassman
performs original
works with his own
company and collabo-
rates with other
artists.

Sports

By James Reinbold

Darren Eales: he shoots, he scores

Last year forward Darren Eales '95 put on a show for Brown soccer fans. The transfer from West Virginia University scored or assisted on sixteen of Brown's nineteen goals for the season. Individually he scored twenty-five points on nine goals and

seven assists. In seven Ivy League games he had five goals and five assists. For his hard work he was named All-Ivy and All-New England.

"Darren has an unbelievable ability to score or to be involved in a score," says coach Trevor Adair. "It's something you can't coach."

Eales effortlessly made the transition from West Virginia to Brown, from the Atlantic Coast Conference to the Ivy League. As a freshman at WVU he was a first-team All-Atlantic 10 Conference selection in 1991.

"He fit right into our style of play, which is highly mobile and which stresses ball possession," says Adair, who rates the competition in the Ivies second only to the ACC. Brown has a long tradition of playing a tough schedule.

Now that he has had a taste of both conferences, Eales gives the edge to the Ivies. "There are no strong and weak sides," he says. "It's tough all the way down, from Princeton to Penn. At West Virginia

[with a twenty-two game schedule] you could let up a bit against the weaker teams." At Brown, with its fifteen-game schedule, he says, there are no such breaks.

As the season opened, Eales seemed to pick up where he left off last year. In the opening game against Holy Cross, he scored Brown's first goal and contributed an assist to the 4-0 win. The Bears then defeated Columbia, 2-1, for the first time since the 1988 season. Eales scored the game-winning goal in the second half.

Since then he has been in a scoring drought, failing to score a goal in Brown's next four games. Eales makes no excuses, but there is no question that after last season's performance opponents know who he is, and coaches are keying on him.

"I'm often double-teamed now," he says, "but that means someone, like [forward] Gary [Hughes '95], will be open."

Like Eales, Hughes, who

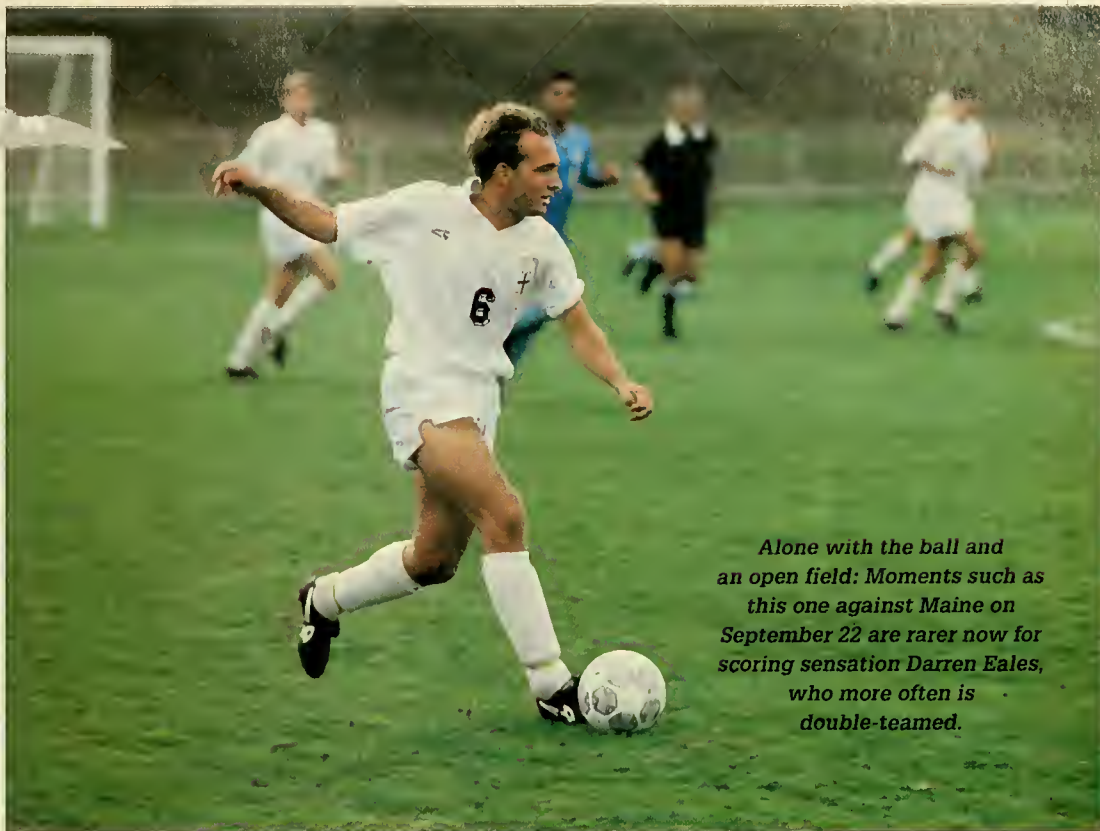
hails from Ireland, has the ability to see the whole field, says Adair. Eales says that he and Hughes have a sixth sense about where the other player is and where he is going.

The return of Hughes to the lineup, after taking last year off, enhances Brown's attack. Coach Adair is looking to a recruit from Northern Ireland, midfielder Shaun Harkin '96, to find the back of the net.

But as Adair quickly points out, talent runs deep in this year's team, which is captained by Greg Lalas '94. Against 19th-ranked Boston University, Jay Ball '96 scored in the second half to give Brown a 1-0 win, thus evening the season record at 3-3. Eales and Brian Rooney '95 were credited with the assist.

One-third of the way into the 1993 season, the Bears have experienced their share of ups and downs, including a tough loss to Yale (1-0) at New Haven. "It's one thing to be beaten by a better

Alone with the ball and an open field: Moments such as this one against Maine on September 22 are rarer now for scoring sensation Darren Eales, who more often is double-teamed.



Season Results to Date

(as of October 2)

- Football (1-2)
- Field hockey (4-2)
- Men's soccer (3-3)
- Women's soccer (3-5)
- Volleyball (2-3)



IS THE SELF IN THE SYNAPSES

"If one can prescribe a chemical and overnight turn a haunted soul into a bustling little body, why take on such a quixotic quest as pursuing the secret of one's very self?"

So ruminated Dr. Tom More, "old-fashioned shrink" and seedy hero of Walker Percy's last novel, *The Thanatos Syndrome*. In the book, More returns home to Feliciana, Louisiana, after a prison stint to find his former patients changed: mannerisms and speech patterns he'd thought distinctive are vanished. In each case, "there has occurred a sloughing away of the old terrors, worries, rages, a shedding of guilt like last year's snakeskin. . . . They are not hurting, they are not worrying the same old bone, but there is something missing, not merely the old terrors, but a sense in each of her — her what? her self?" The cause of these changes, More discovers, is heavy sodium, a chemical that has been added to the town's drinking water.

In the new bestseller *Listening to Prozac* (Viking), Brown psychiatrist Peter Kramer points out that just months after *The Thanatos Syndrome* was published in 1987, the pharmaceutical firm Eli Lilly began marketing what seemed eerily

like heavy sodium's real-life counterpart — the antidepressant drug Prozac (fluoxetine). Two years later doctors were writing about 650,000 Prozac prescriptions a month, and the green-and-beige capsule was on the cover of *Newsweek*.

Kramer is not a psychopharmacologist by training or bent — he teaches basic psychotherapy to Brown psychiatry residents, and he describes his approach to medication as conservative — but when he tried Prozac on patients, he was taken aback. In addition to alleviating symptoms of mental ill-

nesses ranging from depression to obsessive-compulsive disorder (OCD) to bulimia, Prozac made some patients "better than well," he says.

It was "as if I had just taken on a cotherapist whose charismatic style left me wondering whether her magic was wholly trustworthy," Kramer would later write. In some cases, Prozac seemed not only to cure the specific illness for which it was prescribed, but to alter a galaxy of other traits, too. The shy became less inhibited, and the cautious became more decisive, quicker-thinking. The supersensitive became more resilient; the rigid, flexible; and the chronically stuck were able to get on with their lives.

Kramer writes a monthly column for *Psychiatric Times*, and in it, he began to question what he was seeing. Since Prozac had fewer side effects than any other antidepressant on the market, it could be prescribed with less concern to patients with "soft signs" of depression or OCD — symptoms that, in the absence of a drug to treat them, might simply be regarded as normal personality traits: excessive seriousness, for instance, or fastidiousness or vagueness of speech. Worried about the potential for abuse by basically healthy patients eager to pump up their personalities, Kramer coined the phrase "cosmetic psychopharmacology." When Prozac was implicated in a rash of murders and suicides in 1991, he was the instant expert to whom the media turned.

In the years since then, Prozac's pendulum has swung back. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration reaffirmed its safety, the hoopla died down, and doctors began writing prescriptions again — albeit less wildly than in the drug's heyday. By 1992, Lilly was reporting that 8 million people worldwide had taken the drug. Last summer the tally was nearing 10 million, roughly half of those patients in the United States.

Kramer believed that in all the flap about Prozac-the-miracle-drug and Prozac-the-killer, the media had missed the real story, however: By "curing" what were previously thought of as personality traits, Prozac had changed the way we define the

Maybe so, says

Brown psychiatrist

Peter Kramer

in his bestseller,

Listening to Prozac

human self. So he took on that story, writing *Listening to Prozac: A Psychiatrist Explores Antidepressant Drugs and the Remaking of the Self*.

Like the drug, Kramer's book took off immediately. *Listening to Prozac* was the subject of articles in *Newsweek*, *Mirabella*, and *Psychology Today* before it was published, and advance requests for the book made it a bestseller in New York and San Francisco before bookstores even saw a copy. Last summer Kramer hit the book-tour circuit, appearing on "Good Morning, America," and National Public Radio's "Fresh Air." He jokingly calls it his "one-or-two-degrees-of-separation tour," noting that everywhere he went, someone – the interviewer, a cameraman or woman, a technician – was taking Prozac. "The most distant connection would be that the producer's wife's brother was on Prozac," Kramer says. "This drug is

just ubiquitous in the thoughtful, productive, middle class. I did a lot of cocktail-party psychiatry in the course of this tour."

Responses to the book generally have been favorable, though some journalists have echoed Walker Percy's prescient concerns. "A reviewer in Los Angeles said I should write a second book called *Worrying About Prozac*," Kramer says.

■ 'Is our angst so peculiarly human, or might anxiety be just the biological sequel of trauma or genetic arrangements?'

From the times of the ancient Greeks through the nineteenth century, mysterious bodily fluids called "humors" were thought to govern human health and mood. An abundance of phlegm was believed to make people phlegmatic; blood made them sanguine; choler – yellow bile – made them choleric, and black bile, melancholic. *Melan-cholia*, Kramer points out, is Greek for black bile. In *Listening to Prozac*, he observes that only in the staunchest post-Freudian years did theories of humors give way to the conviction that personality is rooted in experience. Nurture beat out Nature for just a blip.

Now, science has revealed what Kramer dubs "neurohumors": serotonin, norepinephrine, and other brain chemicals that influence mood and even what we think of as temperament and personality. Nerve cells send messages by releasing serotonin and other neurotransmitters, which jump the gap, or synapse, between cells, and plug into specific receptor sites on the next cell down the line. The transmitters remain in the synapse, filling available receptor sites, until they are recalled by the transmitting cell in a process called reuptake. Prozac prevents reuptake of serotonin, making more of it available in the brain.

Animal and human studies have linked low serotonin levels to depression and aggression, which

Kramer distinguishes from assertiveness. "If you're assertive, you don't have to be aggressive," he says; and leadership, at least in monkeys, seems to be tied more closely to assertiveness than aggression. In *Listening to Prozac*, Kramer cites studies in which the leaders of monkey troops were found to have markedly higher serotonin levels than their submissive peers. If leadership changed, the former leader's serotonin level dropped and his replacement's serotonin level rose to the task.

To see whether serotonin levels in turn influenced social status, researchers gave serotonin-elevating drugs to submissive monkeys; they became dominant if there was no naturally dominant monkey present. If there was, the monkeys on Prozac took an intermediate status in the troop. Monkeys given serotonin-depleting drugs became submissive.

One of the lessons of Prozac is how closely biology and behavior are interwoven. Pull on one strand and the other jumps into line. In that vein, Kramer





■ 'The development of antidepressant drugs has been a pivotal moment in intellectual history – not unlike Freud's discovery of the unconscious'

cites studies that indicate susceptibility to depression and other disorders may develop over a lifetime. In what are called kindling studies, brain cells have been shown to change shape in response to stress. Repeated stress actually causes the brain to rewire itself. In light of these kindling studies, Kramer finds Stephen J. Suomi's well-known studies of rhesus monkeys particularly troubling. Rhesus monkeys are highly social, and in the wild they respond to separation in ways that look much like depression, Kramer notes. Monkeys removed from their mothers during infancy and reared in isolation grow up disturbed; they're inappropriately aggressive as adults, and the females are likely to abuse their offspring. In more

recent studies, infant monkeys were taken from their mothers and raised by humans, with toylike surrogate "mothers" to cling to; after thirty days, these monkeys were united with a group of peers and then with the larger troop. In many ways, Kramer writes, these peer-raised monkeys look fine. They suck their thumbs a little more than normal, they're a little clingy, a little timid, but they're basically "near-normal monkeys with a history of moderate trauma," he writes.

Near-normal, that is, unless the trauma is repeated. Suomi's later experiments subjected mother-reared and peer-reared monkeys to repeated separations, isolating them in cages for four-day periods at regular intervals. The peer-raised monkeys responded to the separations with increasing signs of distress – signs that resemble both depression and compulsiveness or anxiety, Kramer points out. When returned to the troop, the monkeys were fine, but each time the separation was repeated their distress grew more pronounced.

"The animal models seem to say that pain has its price," Kramer writes, "even for those in whom trauma does not produce major depression. The victim carries his scars." Mental health is a continuum, he suggests. "Very likely a good many of us are in the early stages of kindled depression." Treating soft signs of depression or compulsion with psychotherapy or medication may break the kindling cycle, serving as a form of psychiatric preventive medicine.

What about those of us who are perfectly healthy – who suffer merely from the handicap of a personality style or temperament that is out of sync with the times? "We are a society that requires people to take on multiple roles, multiple tasks, to be able to form and let go of relationships," Kramer says. We demand a lot of flexibility and fluidity." The success style of the nineties is in psychiatric jargon *hyperthymia* – "a normal or near-normal mental condition . . . which corresponds loosely to what the Greeks called the sanguine temperament," Kramer writes, describing hyperthymics as "optimistic, decisive, quick of thought, charismatic, energetic, and confident."

Hyperthymics do well in this society. Witness Bill Clinton and Ira Magaziner '69. "Many top organizational and political leaders require little sleep, see crises as opportunities, let criticism roll off their backs, make decisions easily, exude confidence, and hurry through the day with energy to spare," Kramer writes. By comparison, their equally normal opposites, dysthymics – serious, methodical, cautious worriers – fare poorly. If a drug can make a hyperthymic out of a dysthymic, what's to stop patients from abusing it?

Eli Lilly estimates that two-thirds of those tak-

■ Worried about Prozac's potential for abuse by healthy patients eager to pump up their personalities, Kramer coined the phrase 'cosmetic psychopharmacology'

ing Prozac are women. A good deal of the gender differential is undoubtedly explained by the higher incidence of depression in women. Kramer cites studies indicating women get depressed more than men, are more apt to get treatment, and are more apt to receive medication. Nevertheless, social pressures on women may make them particularly likely to be prescribed Prozac and drugs like it.

Some social critics have hailed Prozac as a feminist drug. They argue that amphetamines – the mother's-little-helper drugs the Rolling Stones mocked in the sixties – helped women bear the stress and tedium of their housebound lives. Prozac, in contrast, spurs women to act, to take charge, to break out of their confines. It may give more women the personality skills and temperament they need to succeed in this society. Other critics, however,

see this as just another means of encouraging social conformity, enticing women to be more like men (hyper-thymic men at that) and to accept the values and expectations of a male workplace.

Kramer believes that in raising these kinds of questions, psychotherapeutic drugs are making us look at theories of difference that have been taboo since the sixties. As we face the possibility that our temperaments are most likely formed by an ongoing interaction between genes, culture, and experience, we have a choice, he says. We can either be oppressed – conforming as much as possible to society's preferences – or we can create social environments more welcoming to diverse people.

In some ways it is ironic that Peter Kramer emerged as Dr. Prozac – media champion of a psychotherapeutic drug. As an undergraduate at Harvard, he studied history and literature; he served on the editorial board of the *Crimson* and spent a summer interning at *Newsweek*. He came to the field of psychiatry by way of psychoanalysis, which he entered while in London on a Marshall Scholarship studying philosophy and literature. He applied to medical school specifically to become an analyst. That was his ambition.

It never came to fruition. Kramer says his analyst in London arranged for him to transfer into a training analysis at the Boston Psychoanalytic Institute, while attending Harvard Medical School. But the institute denied the arrangement had been made, Kramer says, and he put analysis on hold until his residency. By then, his goals had changed.

In his first book, *Moments of Engagement: Intimate Psychotherapy in a Technological Age*, Kramer

Prozac's real significance is the way it can change patients' sense of themselves, says Peter Kramer, an associate clinical professor of psychiatry and human behavior at Brown.

describes a pivotal experience during his residency at Yale. He was faced with a suicidally depressed patient, and the unit supervisor proposed what seemed heretical to the orthodox-Freudian young Kramer. The symptoms looked like a *forme fruste* of epilepsy – epilepsy without the seizures – and the older doctor said, Why not try the antiseizure drug Dilantin? It worked.

In both *Moments of Engagement* and *Listening to Prozac*, Kramer integrates a wide range of material from different fields and schools. The two small bookcases in the waiting room outside his office bear not only the usual stacks of literary and intellectual magazines (*The New Yorker* and *Natural History*), but also books (Robert Coles's *Spiritual Life of Children*, Robert Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, William Styron's *Darkness Visible*, and several volumes of contemporary short stories).

Kramer's office is an airy space in a rehabbed Victorian on Providence's East Side, across Hope Street from Meehan Auditorium. An Oriental rug covers the floor; the sofa and chairs are upholstered in taupe velveteen. Wearing shorts and a pale pink polo shirt, Kramer looks boyish as he stretches back in his chair, sneakered feet on a small footstool, and steeples his hands before him. "In much of my career, I've yearned for the security and intellectual depth and complexity of psychoanalysis as a grounding for doing psychotherapy," he says. "I think lately I've dropped some of that and had fun with the variety of approaches that are possible today." Human beings are just complicated, he says – too complicated for one technique or school to encompass – and ultimately the integration of these psychotherapeutic approaches "takes place in the individual therapist."

Kramer estimates he now spends about 40 percent of his time seeing patients, and the rest teaching and writing. He points to an academic manuscript by his side, which he's in the midst of editing. "I'm doing this to save my reputation," he jokes; being on "Good Morning, America" does not exactly enhance one's standing in the academic world. Ahead, he has two writing projects in mind – one, another attempt to bring together current thinking about psychological issues. "I think of it as a kind of *Listening to Ourselves*," he says. The other is a novel. He admires the writing of Milan Kundera and Walker Percy – "books that are more a cross between fiction and essay-writing," Kramer says, "... where there is some social, political, philosophical dialogue that is integrated with a real ability to write fiction."



Even in advance of Prozac, he says, "our ability to appreciate people plumbing the implications of anxiety has diminished." He points out that however brilliant and sensitive Kierkegaard's fear and trembling was, it seems overdone, melodramatic, by late-twentieth-century standards. Goethe's young Werther seems out-and-out indulgent, hopelessly romantic.

Walker Percy's family history and struggle with anxiety and depression would have made him the perfect Prozac subject, Kramer observes, and yet he notes, "[Percy] is someone who made the potential for depression into a quest. He used it transcendently.

"I think we have to be very careful not to interfere with that process," Kramer warns. In treating adolescents especially,

If Walker Percy could report back from whatever heaven he inhabits, what would he say of *Listening to Prozac*? Percy trained as a psychiatrist himself and struggled with depression throughout his life – his father and grandfather were suicides. He regarded angst, "worrying the same old bone," as the quest for self-knowledge and salvation. He was a devout Catholic, deeply concerned with existential questions. In *The Thanatos Syndrome*, he paints heavy sodium as evil. In salving the itch for self-knowledge, it robs people of their soul.

Few would question that Prozac is wisely and justly used to treat severe depression or the tortures of OCD. And if Kramer's interpretation of the kindling studies is right, few would doubt that nipping depression in the bud is good preventive medicine. But do we run the risk of medicating people's legitimate angst? It's a question that runs like a thread throughout Kramer's book, and his answer at the end is neither simple nor unequivocal.

"I feel like I've been in a private dialogue with Walker Percy since medical school," Kramer says, mulling over this question. "Medicine acts in two ways. One is that it decreases angst in individual people. Another is to make us wonder whether our angst is so peculiarly human, and so much a stigma of our particular dilemma, or whether we're making a romantic mistake – whether our anxiety is just the biological and mindless brain-biological sequel of trauma or genetic arrangements."

he worries that psychotherapy and medication can interfere with the necessary work of wrestling to forge a personality. "Adolescents *ought* to have some trouble with identity," he says.

In the end, Kramer believes the development of Prozac and other antidepressant drugs has been a pivotal moment in intellectual history – not unlike Freud's discovery of the unconscious. "The capacity of modern medication to allow a person to experience the feelings of someone with a different temperament and history is among the most extraordinary accomplishments of modern science," he writes. It changes our understanding of the brain and the mind, the body and the self. We are more like animals than we thought if even our angst may be merely a biochemical response to stress.

"Our worst fear," writes Kramer, "– Walker Percy's fear, the fear of the medical ethicists and evolutionary biologists, my own fear when I first saw patients respond to Prozac – was that medication would rob us of what is uniquely human: anxiety, guilt, shame, grief, self-consciousness. Instead, medication may have convinced us that while those affects are not uniquely human, how we use or respond to them surely is." **B**

BY JENNIFER SUTTON



*Remember your campus tour? When the guides walked backwards,
your parents asked all the questions, and you suffered in silence?
It hasn't changed*



The Admission Office rises above the corner of Prospect and Angell streets like a tall, elegant, well-dressed woman. Four brick stories, rounded stone columns, and wrought-iron railings sit atop a grassy hill, overlooking clapboard houses that seem shabby by comparison. To enter the building, you must climb a dozen stone steps and push open two massive wooden doors; the receptionist offers a greeting and suggests you wait in one of two siderooms where the furniture is all glossy wood and smooth upholstery, the carpets are richly colored, and the glass-faced bookcases are filled with solemn-sounding titles.

A group of jittery high-school students and their eager parents is gathering in the lobby, waiting for the 1 p.m. campus tour. It's hot and sticky outside; inside, the air conditioner barely dries the sweat on their foreheads. The kids feign indifference as they maneuver through the lobby, trying to look calm and cool in their carefully selected outfits, which range from flowered dresses and khaki slacks to cutoff shorts and heavy, black Doc Marten boots. They sneak surreptitious glances at each other, but they do not speak. Speaking seems

to be against the rules. A few parents, however, free from rigid teen norms, strike up conversations, mostly about their whirlwind college visits. "Have you been to Harvard yet?" "What did you think of Princeton?" "Didn't we see you at Wesleyan two days ago?"

A young blonde woman wearing shorts and a green T-shirt pops out from behind a door and introduces herself as the tour guide. Heidi Bauer, a junior concentrating in computer-science, hails from Vermont; she cheerfully urges the tour group to "ask about anything, anything at all" as she herds them down the steps to the sidewalk.

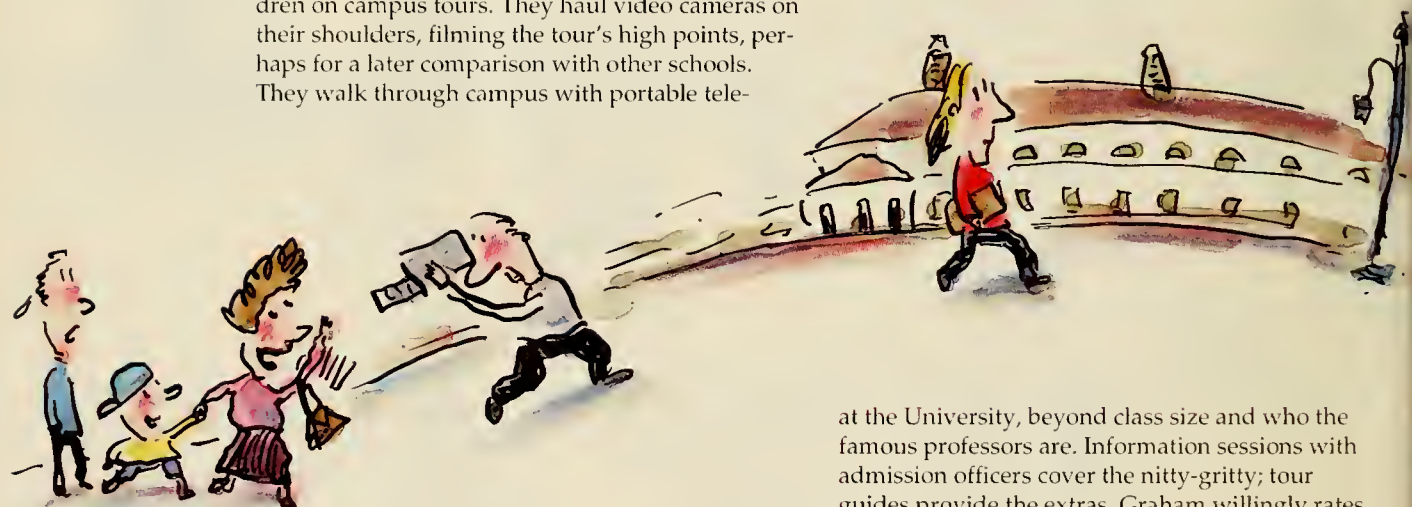
Another guide falls in step beside Heidi as the tour begins. Gina Trampe is tall, clad in jeans; she's a senior from Idaho, concentrating in biochemistry. Although she seems friendly and outgoing, she claims to lack one of the basic talents necessary for leading tours. "I can't walk backwards," she says sheepishly. When the group looks at her blankly, she explains that to maintain eye contact while making her way across campus, she'd have to walk backwards, a skill most of the other guides have mastered. "I can't do that and talk at the same time," Gina says. "I'd trip all over the place."

Getting into college – the thought conjures up memories of fear, dread, self-doubt, and, with luck, supreme joy. But if high-school students had to pick the most awkward part of the college application process, it would likely be the campus tour. The rest of it isn't *that* bad: they take the SATs surrounded by their friends; the essays they write in the privacy of their own homes; and the interview is one-on-one, with a fairly predictable script. But the tour is different. High-schoolers have to project an image: Look smart, but not nerd-smart; appear sufficiently cool with parents and baby brothers and sisters in tow – an impossible task; and be ready to bounce back from a self-image crisis at any time.

According to Heidi, Gina, and Brown's three other summer tour guides, parents are infinitely creative when it comes to embarrassing their children on campus tours. They haul video cameras on their shoulders, filming the tour's high points, perhaps for a later comparison with other schools. They walk through campus with portable tele-

director of admission. And with families stopping off at Brown on their way to and from vacation spots, the volume of summer tours can test even the most patient person. "There are days when you walk downstairs in this building and there's this sea of faces around you. You can barely move," attests Woodcock. On one July day, close to 100 people showed up for a single tour, but Steve Gontarski, a funkily dressed, Asian-American senior concentrating in architectural studies and visual arts, insists the crowds don't matter; his personality makes giving tours easy, he says. "Maybe it's because I'm a Taurus, but I love to show whatever product I have. I love to show people my things. So now I can show off my school. I love it!"

The walks through Brown are meant to give high-schoolers and their parents a taste of real life



phones glued to their ears – "Those are the lawyers, all nervous about taking time off from work," Gina says. And they pester the guides like pros. During a tour led by Graham Gee, a senior concentrating in urban studies, one father hovers at Graham's elbow, quizzing him relentlessly about campus safety, dining-hall food, and University administrators. They make an unlikely pair, walking together at the front of the group: Graham, a blond Californian in denim shorts, T-shirt, and a baseball cap worn backwards, next to the pale, hunched-over father who sports black socks, white sneakers, and khakis hiked up high enough to avoid a flash flood.

But timid teenagers and overbearing parents don't seem to faze the summer guides, who are selected mainly for their "amiable dispositions," according to Heather Woodcock '87, associate

at the University, beyond class size and who the famous professors are. Information sessions with admission officers cover the nitty-gritty; tour guides provide the extras. Graham willingly rates campus safety (eight out of ten), the food (six out of ten, "but I never eat the fish"), and President Gregorian ("definitely ten – he's a really great guy"). Gina politely describes Providence winters as "slushy," advising a California prospective to buy "lots of sweaters" before coming to Brown. And Heidi cautions car-owners: "Parking is more of a burden than a privilege. It's a total hassle."

But the questions come slowly, awkwardly. Most people who take tours "are very uptight about the whole thing," Chris Moses, an African-American senior from New York City, says wryly. "They somehow think we're going to report back to the admission officer if they say something stupid. This is the 'official' tour, you know, and they think they're supposed to ask how many books are in the library. I would think they'd be more interested in personal stuff, but we really have to draw them out."

"Sometimes they're a little surprised," adds Graham, "because I think they expect the typical



architecture tour." Brown has a reputation for more informal tours, he says, because "what seventeen-year-old wants to hear about the history of every building on campus?"

The summer guides are hired and coached by admission officials, and they brush up on campus lore with a packet of information supplied by the Bruin Club, a student organization that conducts tours during the academic year. But after basic training, the guides are "really given free rein," says Woodcock. "It can be a hard thing to negotiate, because we want the students to give an authentic sense of the campus, an honest perspective, but they're also ambassadors for the school. They have to talk about their experiences in a way that is comfortable for them, but also reflects well on Brown."

The tours begin on Prospect Street, with the first stop at the Van Wickle Gates. Graham refers to them as the "Van Winkle" Gates, but no one bats an eye. The guides gesture down the hill toward List Art Center, and beyond to downtown Providence, which apparently isn't a big stomping ground for students. "Most people tend not to venture off campus, especially first-years and sophomores," Gina says. Across College Street is the Rockefeller Library, home to either 1.7 million volumes or 1.5 million, depending on who's leading your tour (The University administration's count is 1.3 million). According to modern campus folklore, students fondly christened the library "The Rock" when it was built in 1964, in honor of its namesake John D. Rockefeller Jr. "No one really likes to say long words at Brown," Chris explains. At the time, the University Corporation, striving for dignity, objected. So the students came up with a creative alternative: they began calling the library "The John." The Corporation wisely recanted its earlier protest, and it's been "The Rock" ever since.

Nearby is the John Hay Library, which houses original manuscripts by Walt Whitman, Edgar Allan Poe, and Ezra Pound, among others. Gina says the library also contains a sixteenth-century book that is bound in human skin, a fact confirmed by curator Jennifer Lee of the John Hay Library.

Then the group turns around to hear about the Van Wickle Gates tradition: opened only twice a year, for first-year students during Convocation and graduating seniors during Commencement. On their tours, Chris and Graham divulge the myth that a woman who walks through the gates



more than twice will never marry, and a man who does the same will never graduate. Chris, a psychology major who sips from an oversized coffee mug throughout his tour, calls it "one of the more sexist stories that exist at Brown."

As the group passes Carrie Tower, in the corner of the front campus, the guides say the bell is rung whenever the football team wins. Explaining the team's dismal record with generous tact, Gina says the bell has rung three times in her three years at Brown, though she's never actually heard it. "Our football team works very, very hard," she assures everyone. Graham sounds a bit more desperate during his tour. "Are any of you football players?" he asks. "We could definitely use you."

Next stop: University Hall, the site supposedly occupied by George Washington for a month in 1776, a little over a decade after Brown was established. "That's my one historical fact for the tour," promises Graham, adding that the building once housed the entire University – offices, classrooms, and all. Around the Main Green the guides point out Slater Hall, a coveted upperclassman dormitory; the John Carter Brown Library; and Faunce House, the place to get a snack (in the Blue Room), listen to music of varying quality (at the Underground), or join one of the 200-plus organizations (the Student Activities Office). According to Gina, the variety of groups is staggering – political, artistic, religious, you name it. There's even been one called Redheads Are Special People (RASP), she says. Parents on the tour shake their heads in amazement.

Midway through, a few of the high-schoolers on the tour start showing traces of independence. One young red-haired woman striding at the front of the group looks very much on her own: dressed down in a black tank top, black jeans, black boots, and a flannel shirt wrapped around her waist, she doesn't say much, but appears especially hip without any family members tagging along. A tall, gangly, young man strikes up an awkward conversation with Graham about the cross-country team, but his father hovers nearby, looking as though he wants to be sure the boy is acting properly.

In Sayles Hall the group sits down in a classroom and discusses the Brown Curriculum. Some parents ask about class size, the grading system,

and selecting a concentration, while others look as if they're still wondering about Redheads Are Special People. Class size varies from one-on-one independent studies to large, slightly impersonal lectures, the guides say, depending on the department and level of instruction. They enthusiastically defend the curriculum; Graham says it's what he likes best about Brown. "You get to choose classes independent of any rules," adds Gina. She praises the grading system, saying "it's allowed me to break out a little and take classes I never would have tried at another school for fear of mucking up my transcript. The system is really flexible here. Flexibility is pretty much a theme at Brown."

The parents nod, but whether in appreciation or scorn, it's hard to say. As they shuffle out of the building, they murmur opinions in the ears of their children, who are still mostly quiet, still checking out each other's outfits. The red-haired girl's parents have appeared from the back of the group to gauge their daughter's reaction so far, destroying her charade of independence, though the other high-schoolers appear relieved that she's in the same boat as the rest of them. The guides steer the group toward Thayer Street, passing by Leeds Theatre and under Soldiers Arch, then into Science Park, where many of the math and science departments are located. Chris calls the concrete Sciences Library "one of the quirkiest buildings on campus," but Gina is more direct. "We just want to let you know that science-geek humor is alive and well here," she says, referring to the library's fourteen floors, which are color-coded according to the PH scale. Everyone chuckles politely.

A quick stop at the computer center so the group can peek into the special interactive classrooms, where professors and students each work at their own computer during classes. The professors' monitor screens are magnified at the front of the room with an overhead projector, so students can better keep up with the lecture. Computer-science students are a special breed, according to the guides. During finals last spring, some of them



chipped in and rented a jacuzzi, which sat in Science Park day and night to revive tired exam-takers. As if that wasn't enough, they rigged up a video link with Cornell University – also in the middle of finals – so the two schools could share their exam-related misery.

The group heads up George Street to the Sharpe Refectory – the Ratty to locals and “where the masses feed,” according to Gina. None of the guides reveals the evolution of the cafeteria’s nickname – a shortening of “the Rat Factory” – probably a wise move. Instead, they describe the meal plan, with its interchangeable options: students sign up for a certain number of on-campus meals, but they don’t have to specify which they will eat. If they miss breakfast, they can use that credit at a campus snack bar later. “We call it ‘going for credit,’ and it’s Brown’s idea of a date,” Heidi says. “So if you like someone, ask them out for credit.”

Fraternities and sororities get a quick mention as the group passes through Wriston Quadrangle, but no one on the tours seems particularly interested. Graham leads the way into a typical first-year dorm room in Wayland Hall during a mid-August tour, when the corridors and rooms are empty. The group – about thirty people – crowds into a double, which has space for two twin beds, two desks, two bureaus, a few dustballs, and not much else. The room hasn’t been aired out in weeks, though, and the heat is stifling; when one mother chooses this moment to launch a long line of questioning, the rest of the group heaves a collective sigh. She’s dressed up in pumps, with beauty-parlor hair and bright red lipstick. Are the rooms wired for computers? Do the students get voice-mail? Are the bathrooms coed? Yes, some room outlets *are* connected to the mainframe computer, Graham says; no, there *isn’t* a campus-wide voice-mail system; and no, the bathrooms *aren’t* coed anymore, though both men and women live on each floor in most dorms. After one parent pointedly pulls out a newspaper to fan her sweaty face, Graham graciously cuts off the inquisitive mother and steers everyone out into the fresh air.

As the tour winds down, the group wanders back toward the Admission Office, and the guides direct families to the athletic complex, the dance studio, the highway, restaurants on Thayer Street, or other places on their itineraries. “Now they have something to think about,” Gina says later. “They come to Brown because it’s one of the Ivies, but they leave with a feeling for the place. It’s really not like the rest of the Ivies at all.”

“Going on a tour might seem like small thing,” adds Steve, “but I’ve heard people say they like this school or that school *because* of the tour.” Heather Woodcock of the Admission Office agrees. “All the time they’re walking around the campus, the [prospective] student is probably thinking, ‘Can I relate to this tour guide? Can I imagine myself here?’” They’re not thinking about things like class size, according to the guides. “When you’re in high school, you’re looking at really superficial things,” says Steve. “Like I looked at catalogs. Brown’s was really nice, so I decided to apply. I wasn’t thinking about the education I was going to get.”

“Every time on a tour,” Heidi says, “someone asks why I picked Brown, and I always say because of the curriculum. But I knew nothing about the curriculum when I applied. I liked the campus, and that’s the only reason I came here. Looking back, though, it *is* the freedom of the curriculum that I love the most. You just can’t know for sure about a school until after you’re really there.”

A new group of prospective students and their parents gathers outside the Admission Office for the next tour, and again, there are the anxious faces, the sidelong glances, the patent-leather shoes next to the high-top sneakers. “There are times when I look out my office window,” says Woodcock, “and I can see kids who’ve just spent hours in the car, and they’re changing out of their shorts and T-shirts into suits on the sidewalk. It makes me want to open the window and yell, ‘Don’t bother! This is Brown!’” **B**

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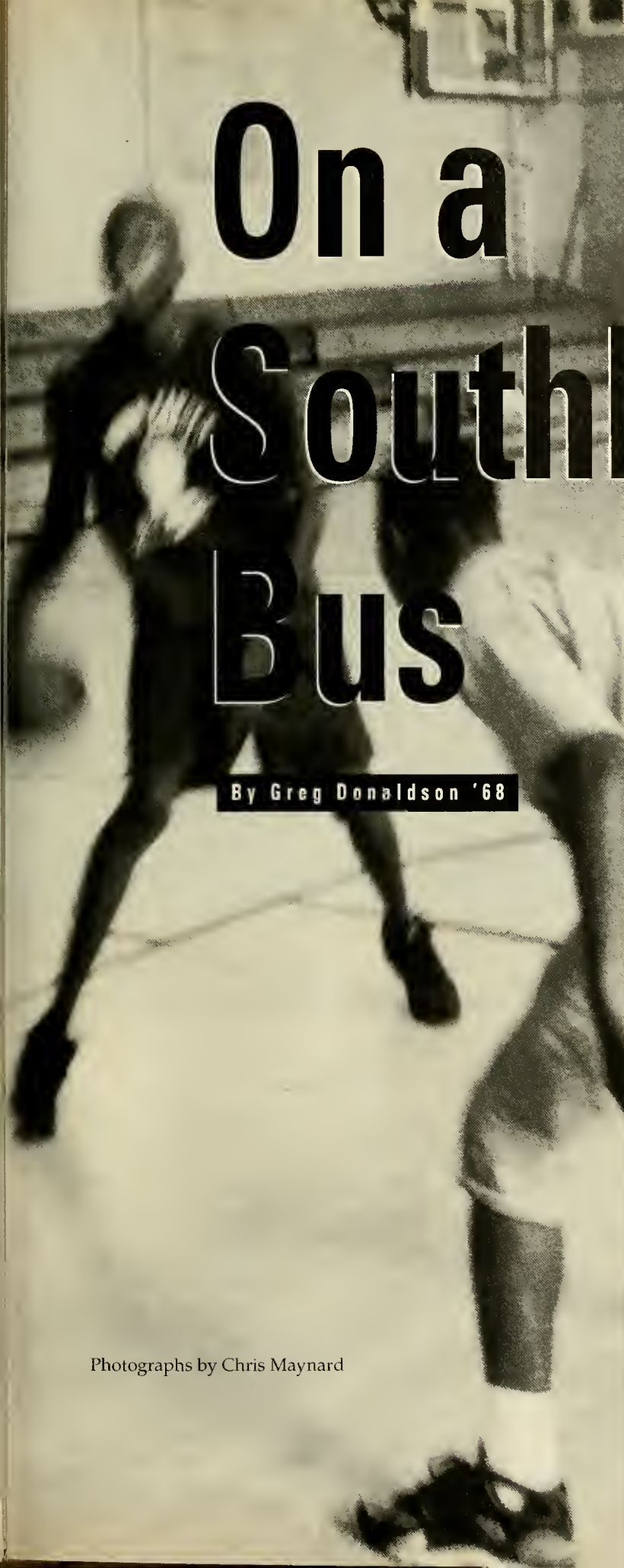
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On a Southbound Bus

By Greg Donaldson '68

Photographs by Chris Maynard

Teacher and journalist Greg Donaldson '68 spent the past two years in Brownsville, Brooklyn, one of New York City's roughest neighborhoods.

His new book, *The Ville*, chronicles life in urban America from the perspective of the cops and kids he befriended there. This excerpt follows the Thomas Jefferson High School basketball team to a tournament in the South – the region many of their parents left decades ago in search of a better life

At three o'clock on Christmas morning, the Thomas Jefferson basketball players begin arriving in front of the school on Pennsylvania Avenue. Brothers Jude and Carl Princival show up with their watchful parents. Diminutive Michael Washington pulls up in a cab with his mother. The big Grenadian center, Kevin John, nicknamed Tumbo after the seven-foot Nigerian NBA rookie shot-blocking sensation Dikembe Mutombo, walks down from the No. 3 train. Junior guard Cortez Sutton, one of the best students in the school, arrives by car service from the Linden projects, down the street. A gunshot rings out a block away. No one flinches. This is the Brownsville section of Brooklyn, East New York City.

The Jeff players are delighted to be leaving the neighborhood for this Christmas tournament



*After writing **The Ville**, Donaldson (right) helped Sharron Corley land a job with a district councilwoman in Manhattan. "With Sharron, when he has a job, no way is he going to commit a crime," Donaldson says.*

in Charleston, South Carolina. Cortez steps up into the bus and sees the reclining seats and TV monitors. "We are livin' in luxury," he sighs.

"I'm gonna sit on this side," Michael, who has driven down South before, says. "That side gonna be crazy boring. All you gonna see is cars."

"Shut up you black beetle."

Throughout the trip, Coach George Moore admonishes the players for calling each other names. He points out that obsessive name-calling undermines togetherness and team play. The players are happy and truly like one another. Still, they continue to relate to each other by sometimes hilarious and often hurtful name-calling.

Many of the players – Michael, Marvin, and others – were born down South; some even spent part of their youth in North or South Carolina. They are going back to their roots, but the thought does not cross their minds.

"When we cross the border, your ass is mine," Nick tells Michael.

"I'm starvin' like Marvin."

Broad-shouldered, sweet-tempered Tumbo swivels to answer the latest insult directed his way.

"Just turn your ass around," Michael warns.

"When I get in the room," Tumbo promises, "I'm gonna beat your ass all night."

"Why don't you shut up, you hungry elf," Cortez says to Michael.

The bus has been on the road for only an hour, but Coach Moore has had it. He travels the length of the aisle to put an end to the nonsense. He gives his third lecture of the trip when the bus reaches the New Jersey Turnpike. The kids just can't stay quiet.

"I feel so good I could run down South," a player says as the bus rolls on.

The driver puts a movie starring tough guy Roy Scheider on the television monitors, positioned at every third row. The players may have left East New York and Brownsville behind, but they will not be without the sound of gunfire. The film is not five minutes old before a machine gun starts its own chatter. Halfway into New Jersey, and suddenly almost everybody is asleep. From somewhere ahead a young man's voice claims, "This is the life."

The sun comes up on the bus as it rolls through



the pine forests of Virginia. A skunk smell fills the bus full of city kids. "Tumbo, how could you?" Michael wails. "Move your African ass to another seat."

Tumbo has had it with the foolishness. He's weary of mock threats. He enjoys silence, does not crave hilarity. He did not grow up like this, insulting his friends for fun. He sits and glowers out the window, adjusts his Walkman, and stares.

The only player who pays the slightest attention to the Carolina landscape, the black creeks and the cypress swamps, the tufts of moss on bone-gray ruins of trees, is Cortez Sutton. Cortez is from Linden Houses near Jamaica Bay, and is an amateur naturalist, a member of the Audubon Society, a bird watcher. He bounces from one side of the bus to the other. "A falcon, you can tell by the way they circle," he tells nobody. "A great white heron," he announces. The rest of his teammates study the spitting, crackling TV monitor as yet another movie about mayhem, this time a karate movie, *Little Tokyo*, shows.

It's midafternoon when the bus pulls past the great old houses of Charleston, the worn Colonials and the gleaming gabled homes with sweeping porches. The kids pay no attention. They are looking for their motel.

The team is booked into an old Ramada Inn near Burke High School, a few miles out of town, with a view of a McDonald's on one side and the brown Charleston River on the other. There is no water in the perfunctory swimming pool, just some dark, damp leaves. The players are ecstatic.

The Burke High School gym is large, with sweeping bleachers, but the floor is not wood but brown pasteboard, worn pale around the three second lanes. The Burke High mascot is a bulldog, and there are blue pawprints down the middle of the court. At the shoot-around the next day, a few hours before their first game, the Jefferson team looks like a bunch of dead-end kids. They have no practice uniforms; Michael

looks like a fifth-grader.

"Yo, give me your money," he says with an ice grill (a hard look) to a six-foot-six player from Wilmington, Delaware, who chases a ball down to the Jeff end of the court. The Jeff players stare at the team warming up at the far end of the floor, exaggerate their big-city slouches, and whisper among themselves.

Later in the afternoon, the boys file into Coach Moore's bright motel room. Some pile on the beds, others sit on the windowsill. Moore is wearing an orange-and-blue African print Kente cloth cap. He is scowling. It's not clear why he is so perturbed; there has been no real trouble with the boys.

"I'm a little pissed off," he begins. "There is just too much bickering, too much bull. I know in the neighborhood you have to wear your hats to the side so the knuckleheads won't bother you. But you're not hoodlums and you're not bums, and I don't want you to act that way." Cortez nudges a slat from the vertical blinds and takes a peek out toward the Charleston River, but quickly refocuses his attention when Moore raises his voice. "And the stuff with you, Michael, calling Cortez black. We're all black. I don't understand that. I don't care if you're light, or yellow, or Chinese, you have to treat each other with respect. I will cancel the season," he warns. "It will be my way or the highway."

What sound like the usual empty threats by an irritated coach have special resonance. All the players have to do is look around the room at the team's personnel to know that the best ballplayers in Brownsville are not here; not even the best players in Thomas Jefferson are here. These are the kids who can play a little ball and keep their grades above a seventy average. Nick, a skinny guy with a fair jump shot, has a passive, tentative game. Willie, the clean-cut captain, is a rugged six-one and has hops, but he's not the type to lead a game. Cortez is sneaky, quick, and over-eager, but for all his self-promotion, he is very inexperienced, as is Jude's brother, Carl. Michael is in way over his head. The other subs are Marvin, who is called Face because he's so handsome, and Lashawn, just nice kids.

In their orange-and-blue uniforms, the Jeff team loses the first game big. Michael complains from the bench about the "fat pork-sausage ref." Though the Jeff team does not play badly, it is sorely outmatched. Point guard Alcy is not a natural playmaker. Moore rides him so hard he has lost his confidence, and the team is lucky it can get the ball over half-court much of the time. Tumbo is a fine physical specimen, but he grew up playing soccer, and it shows. He is the bowling champion of Thomas Jefferson, one of the top bowlers in Brooklyn high schools, of all things, and the captain of the handball team. Those skills are of little use here.

The next day, Jefferson is down 18-0 near the end of the first quarter to a local Catholic school, St. John's. The trip looks like a fiasco, the team like badly outclassed urchins from a city that does not

give a damn whether its young black men live or die, flourish or waste away. They came a thousand miles to get whipped by the children of the very place their parents fled for a better life. It looks as if neither trip was worth the effort.

Michael, squirming on the bench, has stopped cheering his teammates and is trying somehow not to be associated with their ineptitude. Incredibly, Jeff bangs back into the game. Nick hits a few turnaround jump shots. Tumbo muscles for the ball, works inside.

At halftime, Moore is in an inexplicable rage. Jefferson is executing well on offense, but he thinks they are playing soft defense. "You are not in East New York, gentlemen. Nobody is going to shoot you if you put a body on him. Nobody is going to grab a gun and kill you if you knock him down. This is Charleston, South Carolina. I want to see some bodies fly."

The second half starts with a couple of quick hoops by the Jeff captain, Willie, and soon it is too late to stop the orange wave. Released from their paralyzing fear of humiliation, the Jeff players gambol about, snatching lucky long rebounds, stealing passes. Everybody on the bench begins to believe that tonight is Jeff's night. Jude gets loose on a fast break and scores. Cortez sprints into the game. His defender plays his right hand, and Cortez skirts the defense to the left for a baseline lay-up. As he backpedals on defense, dreams of stardom are etched on his face. The score is 58-57 Jeff, with two seconds to go, when a player from St. John's tries a desperation three-pointer. He misses.

Cortez is a fountain of revisionism in the locker room, describing the moves he made in his limited time on the floor. "I left the man. I used him. Did you see that move? Did you see his eyes? The man was frozen. Ha-ha. Did you see the way I charged the shooter at the end, bothered the shot? Did you see it? I saved the game." Cortez is hell-bent for recognition. He has an eighty-seven average in school, a good left hand. So what if he is banned for the regular season for that incident over at Wingate? This is his day. He is determined to be a star.

The Jefferson team does not win the tournament. The next day, they lose the third game, 63-57. After the contest, the players climb high into the stands to watch Burke High School in the championship contest. The game pits Burke against a crosstown rival. The gym is rocking with the sounds of the Geechees and their high-country neighbors. These black Charlestonians speak a creole language called Geechee or Gullah. It is based on English and influenced by several West African languages. To the untrained ear, the Geechees have the same lilting speech tones as the Caribbeans back in Brooklyn.

"What're all these Jamaicans doin' here?" the Jeff players want to know.

Burke High has a real star on its team, a major college prospect, and there is no hero like a hometown hero. Melvin Watson, six-foot-two, 190 pounds, pops warm-up shots with a delicate touch. He retrieves bouncing balls and generously passes them off to teammates, bench warmers who won't see a moment of action. The fans nod and point. Melvin is The Man in Charleston. Here, store proprietors gush when they see the high-school team's big gun walk by. In Brooklyn, it does not work that way. Even the kids who are headed through schools like Jefferson to the pros don't experience this kind of enveloping warmth. They ride the subways anonymously, gangly kids with gym bags. Maybe the bad guys cut them some slack because of their basketball reputation, but the status ends there. The Jefferson kids sit in the stands and watch what it would have been like if their families had stayed down South.

But before the Burke game starts, some players on the Jefferson team draw some attention of their own. Ed wears a wool hat with earflaps, the kind that a mother would put on a baby on a chilly day - a style that, along with pacifiers, has become the rage in Brownsville. The boys also sport burgundy Timberland boots and ultra-baggy jeans riding halfway down their hips. These are the New York guys, and everybody is eager to catch a whiff of the latest craze. It's a sure bet that the baby hats will make an appearance on the streets of Charleston before long.

Once the game begins, the gym is a cauldron of noise. The Jeff players are transfixed by the spectacle. Jefferson plays its home games in virtual silence; almost all fans are banned from the gym because of the threat of trouble. When a white teacher, an eighteen-year veteran at Jeff, did show up at a game early in the season, he whispered behind a cupped hand to a cheering colleague, "Don't waste your breath. They don't have the intellectual ability to understand the game."

The opposing team is playing a pressure man-to-man defense against Burke, double teaming Melvin Watson whenever he makes a move to the basket. But he turns sideways, slips through the traps, and pulls up for short, fluid jump shots or dishes off to his teammates. One play, he sails into the air to cuff a defensive rebound and shrinks to a cannonball as he bursts by two defenders who try to pin him to the sideline. Like a running back, he dips and weaves, and finally throws a lookaway pass to a Burke player, who misses the lay-up.

Even more remarkable than his high-level game is Watson's on-court personality. He is a man among boys. You can see it on his face. When Burke is ahead in the first half, he passes the ball to his teammates, blends into the fabric of the game. He works and works some more, never complains and never shows off. But his teammates are having a bad night, and Burke is down by ten



Donaldson spent two years patrolling Brownsville with Gary Lemite, left, a highly-decorated housing police officer.

points with just three minutes left in the contest. Then Melvin Watson starts to rumble. He is burdened with four personal fouls. He's dog-tired, grabbing at the hem of his shorts as he stoops over, foraging for air during time-outs and foul shots. But the handicaps just make things more exciting for the fans.

Everybody in the gym knows Melvin is coming. He pops off a pick and scores. His team is down five. He takes the ball the length of the court and scores; three. He steals the ball; one. The hometown crowd is raising thunder, stomping on the boards of the bleachers. This is going to be one of those games they talk about for years.

With two defenders hounding him, Melvin nails the winning basket with no time left on the clock. According to the script, the crowd pours down onto the court to pay homage. The Charleston faithful edge close to Melvin Watson as he stands under the basket, holding his small son in his arms.

After the game, the Jefferson boys walk back to the motel with no fewer than five girls. As the group moves through the parking lot of the McDonald's, they pass two cars with a heavy bass beat coming from behind dark-tinted windows.

"Country boys make too much noise," somebody among the five or six Jefferson players cracks. As they reach the exit of the parking lot, one of the cars backs up and pulls past them. The driver

accelerates onto the main drag, and there is a loud report. *Bang.*

Marvin takes two long strides and dives into the tall weeds. Ed pops up and dashes off like a flushed rabbit. The rest of the team scatters for cover. The girls stand there, confused. When the boys realize the sound was the backfiring exhaust of the car and not a blast from a sawed-off shotgun, Marvin crawls out, brushing marsh grass from his clothes, and the rest sidle back up to the girls without a word of explanation. All except for Ed, who doesn't stop running till he is at the motel. He takes the elevator up to his fourth-floor room and waits for news.

Who wants to go home?" Michael says the next morning. "I don't want to go. Do you? Who wants to go home?"

Nobody.

Cortez is the self-appointed historian of the trip, hard at work on the way home, rearranging the facts of the games and the previous night to suit himself. "I was pushing up strong on those girls at the game. . ." He knows that before long

his version of events will prevail.

Later, the bus rumbles through Richmond, Virginia; Lashawn, the only substitute who did not play a single minute, points out the window. "My brother's locked up there," he says glumly. "He got seven years for robbery. I was supposed to go visit him. But I came on the trip instead."

Into the dusk, there is a dead serious conversation in the shadows at the back of the bus. Jude and Nick discuss the proper way to deal with a potentially hostile crew on the street. "I just sort of drop my head a little," Nick says, "and if I know somebody I say, 'What's up?' If the dude says, 'What's up?' you're okay. Sometimes the guy you know don't really wanna say, 'What's up?' He wanna say, 'Nothin's up,' but he can't, 'cause he do know you. School I used to go to, there be mad Decepticons rollin' up after school." The Decepticons are a citywide gang with a fading but fearsome reputation. "If I don't know the people, I don't say nothin'. I don't act like I'm scared, even though I am. I just dip my head."

"You can tell when somethin's up," Jude says. "Then you run. Sometime your only chance is if the gun jams."

As the bus slows to a crawl in traffic near the Maryland-Delaware border, there is talk about how the JV team was approached last year by a group of guys with guns and Michael got beat up. More talk of guns in hushed tones. "I think the .45 jammed," Jude says.

Later as the charter rumbles over the Delaware River into New Jersey, Willie and Cortez are talking about girls.

"Willie, you never had your heart broken? You ain't in the club?"

"Sure. I cut her off."

"You cut her off for who?"

"I cut her off, and then she cut me off. I was crying, cryin'. I bought her teddies. I took her to Footlocker and bought her new kicks. When I think of what I did to get her back, I could kick myself."

"Right, Jim." Cortez acknowledges Willie's mistake with the wisdom of the ages about him.

It is after midnight when the bus pulls up in front of Jefferson High School, but Jude and Carl Princival's parents are waiting on the sidewalk, standing in the cold.

"Home sweet home," Michael says. "Back in the jungle."

Several other parents are also waiting, sitting in cars and cabs. Thomas Jefferson High looms above like a great dark castle. One by one the cars nose into the traffic and slip off; the bus growls a last time and is gone. As the last of the team fades away, Carl, Jude, and their parents are still standing on Pennsylvania Avenue, looking for a gypsy cab.

From *The Ville: Cops and Kids in Urban America* by Greg Donaldson, published this month by Ticknor & Fields. Copyright © 1993 by Greg Donaldson. Reprinted with permission of the author.

Reporter with a Cause

Greg Donaldson '68 is driven to show the hope and the humanity he sees in inner-city kids

Three years ago Greg Donaldson was assigned to write a story about subway gangs for *New York Newsday*. "I started following muggers on the subway and followed a bunch of kids off a train in Brownsville [Brooklyn, New York City]," he recalls. "I've worked in Bedford Stuyvesant and in jails, but this time I said, 'Whoa – this is a very, very dangerous place.' " In the police station, officers told him, "If you want to learn about gangs, come back and we'll give you a bulletproof vest."

To the surprise of the police, Donaldson did return, and he began regularly riding around with officers assigned to patrol city housing projects. The result of those trips is *The Ville*, published this month. It chronicles life in Brownsville through the eyes of Gary Lemite, a highly-decorated police officer, and Sharron Corley, a "good kid" – one who had dealt drugs but also acted in his high-school play.

"To be able to write about this community from the perspective of these two groups is very important to me," says Donaldson. "I'm trying to communicate the humanity involved, the way humanity gets distorted in circumstances so that no one can recognize each other anymore." While the book takes place in one neighborhood, he says "it's really an American story, now, whether in Brownsville or South Central Los Angeles. Whether they live in the suburbs or the cities, people know things are not going well for this country."

Writing about this community – and doing it through the eyes of a cop and a teenager – was a task to which Donaldson was uniquely suited. "I've straddled those worlds all my life," he explains. He grew up on Long Island, where many of his friends and neighbors were police officers. "I talk like them and act like them, and we get along very well. I have a tremendous amount of respect for cops."

Donaldson has also spent more than two decades teaching in some of New



York City's roughest neighborhoods and in the Brooklyn House of Detention (where his former Brown roommate, John Mogulescu, was director of inmate education programs). Some of Donaldson's best friends today are former students, and he is godfather to the children of a man he taught in the fifth grade.

After graduating from Brown in 1968 with a history degree – earned despite spending most of his time in the old Faunce House poolroom – Donaldson was headed for law school. Until he received a draft notice. "I didn't want to go to Vietnam and got a teaching deferment," he says. "They put me into the toughest school district, Bedford Stuyvesant, Brooklyn. It was an epiphany for me. From early on, I felt a tremendous surge of energy and focus. I was more committed to order than the kids were to chaos. I began to dress and act like the kids. I underwent a personality change that was appalling to my peers."

At six-foot-four, the former Brown varsity basketball forward challenged kids to playground hoop contests, performed magic, and produced a karate version of *Cyrano de Bergerac* for a school play (which earned him the nickname *Cyranose*). During lunch hours, he wrote and mimeographed a "naughty" classroom gossip sheet to encourage kids to read. Once he hid in a walk-in closet and jumped out to remind an unruly class who was boss.

"I'm white, from suburbia, but after

years in this other environment, I developed a kind of crosscultural affect," Donaldson explains. "Inmates I was teaching used to say, 'Your supervisors may not know that you were in jail, but we know.' I didn't grow up in the ghetto, but I went to elementary, junior high, and high school there. I had a second life in there."

Donaldson believes many people are reluctant to talk about racial issues, "especially white writers." He expects to take some flak for *The Ville*, and he admits that he's sensitive to it. "But I also think the story has to be told."

Like Donaldson, Lemite, the police officer "with X-ray vision" of *The Ville*, grew up on Long Island. Lemite, who is black, "initially had very little sympathy for many black people in Brownsville," Donaldson says. "Gary would say, 'People around here always talk about The Man. Who is The Man? I never met him.' " But another side of Lemite comes out in a chapter that details the events leading him, for the first time, to fire a gun at another human being.

Donaldson and Lemite became friendly with Sharron Corley, who is now twenty. "Sharron lives on the edge," says Donaldson. A chapter recounts Corley's terrified first days when he is sent to Riker's Island after pleading guilty to robbery. Donaldson believes inner-city young people like Corley have been "inundated with messages that are meant to inspire ambition – 'just do it,' 'be what you can be' – but are then

At the Brownsville Recreation Center, Donaldson takes a break from shooting hoops with (left to right) Kenney Keene, Rodney Pierce, Ranell Brown, and William Moore. "These kids are not radicals," Donaldson says. "They don't want to change the system; they want to be part of it."

denied access to the culture so they create their own shadow culture."

Donaldson met Corley while spending time at Brownsville's Thomas Jefferson High School, where Donaldson became close to members of the basketball team. When the team planned the road trip South featured in the chapter excerpted here, it ran short of money. Donaldson wrote a story about it for *The New York Times*, and donations arrived from across the country. Rick Landau, a classmate of Donaldson's and former captain of the Brown basketball team, was a major sponsor of the trip.

Donaldson has stayed in close contact with several of the Jefferson basketball players, including Cortez Sutton, who recently called to ask what he should take to college in Georgia. "He had no one else to ask," Donaldson says.

"If you saw the Jefferson team get on an elevator behind you, you'd have a heart attack," he says. "... Then you get to know them – they're nothing but kids, and they want what kids want."

– Ann Cohen '77 **B**

Betsy West insists with a laugh that she opted for a career in broadcast rather than print journalism "because I couldn't spell very well."

Spelling aside, the opportunity to tell meaningful stories is what attracted West to the high-powered and high-pressure world of network television news, where she has worked in senior pro-

duction positions at shows including ABC's "Nightline," "Prime Time Live," and the new "Turning Point." Among West's many credits are two historic "Nightline" shows: the first live satellite hook-up between the Soviet and U.S. governments and the first live televised debate between Israelis and Palestinians. At the insistence of some debate participants, the studio had to be outfitted with a model wall sym-

bolizing the division between the two sides. "We learned about that demand at 2 A.M., and I thought, maybe we *can* build a wall . . . a little wall," West recalls during an interview in her office at the ABC News building on Manhattan's West Side.

West's work has also taken her to the Philippines, where she covered the elections and coup; to South Africa, where she spent a month setting up a series of "Nightline" broadcasts; and to many other countries, including China, Iran, Pakistan, and Cuba. "I get calls all the time from people wanting to do this kind of work, and they have to realize it's extremely demanding of your time and energy," West says. "You have to really love it. I'm always asking those people, do you read the newspaper every day? Are you a TV news junkie? Because glamour only goes so far."

West believes that the sacrifice of time for personal life demanded by broadcast journalism jobs is only one reason women have "still not cracked upper management in television news. Few women are executive producers. Some women have ruled themselves out for family reasons, but men don't seem to have to do that. It's part biology and part society. The day-care situation in this country is inadequate, and employers are often more understanding if your car has broken down than if your child is sick."

In addition to cautioning prospective broadcast journalists about the rigors of the work, West urges college students to develop their writing skills. "A lot of people don't recognize the importance of writing on TV," she says. "Correspondents have to

tell stories well. It's not something you're born with; you have to work at it." She also recommends "a good grounding in history, political science, and English. I would have taken more history courses and an economics course or two," says West, who studied English, film, and semiotics at Brown.

West grew up in Maine and Rhode Island; she now lives in New York City with her husband, Oren Jacoby '78, a documentary filmmaker. She discovered her affinity for journalism at the *Brown Daily Herald*. "Reporting has always been the excuse for me to meet interesting people, to overcome my shyness," she says. After a year of graduate school and a job with ABC Radio in New York City, West worked in Chicago for ABC's "World News Tonight," first as a writer for the late anchorman Max Robinson, and then as the only female producer in the bureau.

She joined "Nightline" soon after the program began, and was based in London for four years. "I loved working on 'Nightline,'" West says. "Along with 'MacNeil-Lehrer News Hour,' it cut new ground in trying to deal with issues and was incredibly important." When West moved to "Prime Time Live," she had to change her focus from the breaking news of the day to finding stories that would hold an audience's interest for an hour. "Obviously the audience wants to be entertained, but they also want to learn something," she says. "Whatever you think about Ross Perot, the extent to which people watched him and the little charts he held up last year told us something about the seriousness of the viewer. On 'Prime Time,' we were able to do a lot of investigative pieces, which people really respond to. Before the Jack in the Box tainted meat incidents, we had done a big story on the problems with meat inspection. We did stories on waste in Washington and health care, problems that people are seeking solutions for. It was encouraging to find ratings success when we covered serious issues."

Last summer West was named senior broadcast producer of ABC's new hour-long, single-topic news program, which will air weekly starting this winter. A pilot episode, called "Turning Point," aired in July. Hosted by Barbara Walters, the show featured an exclusive interview with Kimberly Mays, the Florida girl who had been switched at birth with another baby and recently sued for divorce from her biological parents.

Upcoming shows will include investigations and historical documentaries. "In my career, I've been moving from small to longer stories, and now we have an entire hour for one story," says West. "This is a whole new challenge for me." **B**

Serious News Junkie

BY ANN COHEN '77

BROADCAST NEWS

IS NOT JUST A JOB;

IT'S A LIFESTYLE,

SAYS PRODUCER

BETSY WEST '73

—ABC NEWS NEW YORK—



The Classes

By James Reinbold

24

Alumni relations and your class officers are planning your 70th reunion to be held on the weekend of May 27-30, 1994. If you have any questions or suggestions, please call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947. Remember to save the dates.

28

Nearly thirty classmates and spouses of Pembroke '28 and Brown '28 joined together and had a wonderful time during reunion weekend. Cocktails and dinner were served in South Wayland Lounge on Friday, and a luncheon was held on Saturday at Wannamoisett Country Club, where Assistant Vice President for Alumni Relations **Christine Sweck Love** '70 spoke. A special thanks to reunion committee members **Doris Hopkins Stapelton** (Pembroke chair), **Earl Bradley** (Brown chair), **Francis Armington**, and **Seebert Goldowsky**.

Classmates attending were: **Francis Armington**, **Charles Battle**, **Arlene Dyer Beehr**, **Earl Bradley**, **Eleanor Sarle Briggs**, **Elizabeth Saunders Brodhead**, **Jesse Eddy**, **Albert Gardiner Jr.**, **Seebert Goldowsky**, **Edgar Grout**, **Ruth Hill Hartenau**, **Edwin Howell**, **Estelle Pollack Kritz**, **Sarah Saklad**, **Copeland Setchel**, **Waldo Smith**, **Doris Hopkins Stapelton**, **Alice Lippman Sutton**, **Philip Van Gelder**, **E.S. Woodmancy**, and **Stuart Woodruff**.

29

Your reunion committees are busy making plans for your 65th reunion to be held on the weekend of May 27-30, 1994. If you have any questions or suggestions, please call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947. Remember to save the dates.

34

During Commencement weekend members of the class of '34 who were within driving distance of Providence held their annual mini-reunion luncheon on Friday, May 28, at the Metacomet Golf Club. Twenty-two members and spouses attended. Their main concern was details for our 60th reunion coming up in 1994. **Lillian Salmin Janas** is serving as social chairman. Start planning now to join all of us next May. If you know you won't be able to attend, begin writing us a bit of news to be read at the reunion. We want to know

what you and yours are doing and, of course, how you are. Look for future mailings from the alumni office, and most of all try to come. If you have questions or suggestions, please call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947.

Edith Janson Hatch has been reappointed to a second two-year term as National Retired Teachers Association (NRTA) state coordinator for Rhode Island. She serves on a national task force of twenty members looking at the future of NRTA during the next ten years. The task force recently presented its first report, "Shared Visions," at a national convocation in Baltimore. NRTA is a division of the American Association of Retired Persons, with which it merged in 1981.

Jerome Herman, who never misses reunions, writes that he and wife, Rosalind, were at the graduation of their granddaughter, Michelle Pratt, from the University of Texas, Austin. Michelle is employed by Fujitsu Electronics in Richardson, Tex. Her sister, Debra Pratt, completed her first year at Centenary College, Shreveport, La., where she was captain of the school's first women's soccer team. The Hermans' oldest granddaughter, Lisa Sheer (Skidmore '91), of Foxboro, Mass., is a bank examiner for the FDIC and recently became engaged. Her sister, Lara Sheer, completed her second year at Mount Holyoke College and was a summer intern with AT&T in Brunswick, N.J. — *Edith Hatch*

38

Robert M. and Jean Gordon Thomas, Rumford, R.I., write: "When our grandson, **Allen M. Thomas**, graduates in 1997, it will be 150 years after his great-, great-, great-grandfather graduated. We aspire to be there." Members of the six-generation Thomas alumni family are **Benjamin C. Thomas**, class of 1847, **Willis F. Thomas**, class of 1877, **Albert C. Thomas** '08, **Robert and Jean, Chester B. Thomas** '50, **Sylvia Thomas Keown** '55, **Patience A. Thomas** '71, **Gordon A. Thomas** '65 and **Deborah Allen Thomas** '65, and **Allen**.

39

Your reunion committees are busy making plans for your 55th reunion to be held on the weekend of May 27-30, 1994. If you have any questions or suggestions, please call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947. Remember to save the dates.

What's new?

Please send the latest about your job, family, travels, or other news to The Classes, *Brown Alumni Monthly*, Box 1854, Providence, R.I. 02912; fax (401) 751-9255; e-mail BAM@brownvm.brown.edu. Or you may send a note via your class secretary. Deadline for the March issue: December 15.

42

The American Chemical Society has announced that **Robert G. Parr** will receive the 1994 Irving Langmuir Award in Chemical Physics. Sponsored by the General Electric Foundation, the prize is for research Bob has done over the past ten years in chemistry and physics. In May, Bob and his wife, Jane, lectured about his work at a number of universities in mainland China and Taiwan. In Taichung, Taiwan, he was made an honorary citizen and presented with a key to the city. Bob and Jane live in Chapel Hill, N.C.

44

Your Brown and Pembroke reunion committees have been busy working together on plans for your 50th reunion to be held on the weekend of May 27-30, 1994. It will be a memorable weekend, so remember to save the dates.

You should have received your first mailing, which includes a questionnaire to aid in publishing our yearbook. Please return the questionnaire as quickly as possible. If you have not received a mailing, please contact reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947.

Virginia Siravo Stanley, Vincennes, Ind., continues to enjoy her activities as a real-estate broker and income-tax consultant. She has been a widow for six years.

48

More than fifty members of the Pembroke Class of 1948 attended various campus events in celebration of the 45th reunion. The highlight of the weekend was the class luncheon, where all had the opportunity to bring

Thirty years ago: On Saturday, November 23, 1963, hundreds of students and others filled Sayles Hall, where a memorial service was held for President John F. Kennedy, assassinated in Dallas the day before. Many more mourners, including those in this photograph, were unable to get in and stood outside Sayles in the rain.



classmates up to date on current activities. Scholarship recipient **Adeline Wong '93** thanked the class for financial support and briefly related her plans for the future. The remarkable record of class donations was noted, and the continuing achievements of **Singer Gammell** in this effort were gratefully acknowledged.

The following were chosen for membership on the executive committee to carry the class forward to the celebration of the 50th reunion in 1998: **Nancy Cantor Eddy**, president; **Constance Hurley Andrews**, vice president; **Lotte Van Geldern Povar**, regional vice president (Florida); **Breffny Feely Walsh**, secretary; **Barbara Baker Johnson**, treasurer; **Betty Montali Smith**, 50th reunion chair; **Singer Gammell**, reunion gift chair; **Constance Hurley Andrews**, scholarship committee chair; **Selma Herman Savage**, historian. At large: **Barbara Oberhard Epstein**, past president; **Thelma Chun-Hoon Zen**, University trustee. — *Breffny Feely Walsh*

49

Your reunion committees are busy making plans for your 45th reunion. The weekend will be a great time to see old friends. Leave May 27-30, 1994, open so you can join in.

George T. LaBonne, Manchester, Conn., writes to inform classmates and friends of the death of his son, **Gregory**, 30, on July 3. At the time of his death, he was co-owner of **Gregory-Scott Limousine** in Brookfield, Conn. He previously had owned three restaurants.

Ramon Elias '47



From V-12 to V-8

In a recent letter to the *BAM*, **Ray Elias**, a member of the V-12 Unit (later

NROTC) while a student in the 1940s, recalls the campus during the war years. "Those were exciting times," he writes. "Most of the faculty knocked themselves out. Classes were as small as ten, as large as 100 in the basic courses. There was purpose and excitement all around. Organizations such as the radio station, *Sock & Buskin*, the choruses, and other activities were kept alive for the future. Even *Wriston* was kept alive for chapel."

He also sends an article from the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* describing his remarkable arborial and gardening skills. Thirty years ago **Ray** and his wife, **Margery Moore Elias '48**, bought what was once a working dairy farm outside *Jefferson*, Ohio, so

their children could experience rural life. For the first fifteen years they continued to live in *Cleveland Heights* and visited the farm on weekends. Fifteen years ago **Ray** and **Margery** moved to the farm.

Today the farm represents a thirty-year landscaping project. Five acres around the house have been developed into cottage gardens. **Elias** estimates he has planted 10,000 evergreens, primarily as wind-breakers for his beds of vegetables and perennials. "With the trees, we were able to cut down on the winds so the stuff didn't perish," he told the *Plain Dealer*.

Also on the property: a three-quarter-acre pond and a 100-foot deck connected to the house by an atrium of cypresses. **Ray** and **Margery** grow vegetables in containers on the deck; planting begins as early as March. The containers are handy, **Elias** adds, "and you don't have to get your shoes wet walking into the garden."

51

David Murphy was elected chair of the Illinois Board of Regents at its July meeting in DeKalb, Ill. Appointed to the board in 1989, he is a member of the finance and facilities committee and had served as the alternate to the Illinois Board of Higher Education. **David**, who lives in *Cary*, Ill., is senior vice president of *Oak Brook Securities*.

53

Charles W. Colson has been awarded the 1993 Templeton Prize for Progress in Religion. In 1976 he founded Prison Fellowship, the largest prison outreach in history, which has grown into a worldwide network of prison ministries operating in fifty-four nations. In addition to its evangelical mission, Prison Fellowship serves as an advocate for humanitarian treatment of prisoners, support for crime victims' rights, and reform of sentencing laws. The Templeton Prize was established in 1972. Previous winners include *Mother Teresa*, *Billy Graham*, and *Alexander Solzhenitsyn*. **Chuck** has given his prize money to Prison Fellowship.

54

Be sure to save the dates, May 27-30, 1994, and plan to come back to Brown for your 40th reunion. You should have received your first reunion mailing. If not, please contact reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947.

55

Doug Lowe retired from General Electric Company and is working as a sales training consultant. He lives in *Jaffrey*, N.H.

57

George Rollinson, Cumberland, R.I., is still enjoying the outplacement field; he recently was selected to assist IBM personnel electing early retirement or being laid off. **Son John** earned his B.F.A. "and made us grandparents within a few months." **Son Andy** is an honors student in creative writing at Emerson College, Boston. **George's** wife, **Judy**, is director of the Parents Fund at the University of Rhode Island.

59

Your reunion committee, headed by **Clark Sammartino** and **Diana Scola**, is busy planning a great 35th for us, including a Sunday clambake at Eisenhower House in Newport, R.I. Watch for our registration information in late winter.

David G. Hoiles (see **Vickie Hoiles '89**).

Tom Sudol and **Maureen Hamelin** were married on Sept. 27, 1992, at the Lake Mohawk Country Club in Sparta, N.J. Following a two-week honeymoon in Europe, the couple settled in Pine Brook, N.J., where **Tom** maintains his dental practice.

60

Morton F. Daller is editor-in-chief of *Product Liability Desk Reference: A Fifty-State Compendium*, recently published by Little, Brown. He is a trial lawyer and chairman of the product-liability and business-litigation sections at the law firm of *Rawle & Henderson* in Philadelphia.

63

Thomas G. Bale, Elkins Park, Pa., writes: "I have rediscovered a major portion of my family in St. Louis after a brief search with the able help of my daughter, *Laura*. Forty years ago there was an angry cut-off in my family. There simply is no time left for this type of behavior."

64

Be sure to save the dates, May 27-30, 1994, and plan to come back to Brown for your 30th reunion. It will be a great opportunity to rekindle old friendships.

Richard Miron (see **Linda Miron '90**).

65

Diana Risen announces the arrival of her son, **Donald**, born in Arizona in March, 1992, "and placed in my arms at two weeks of age." During the year preceding **Donald's** arrival, and to help celebrate 100 Years of Women at Brown, **Diana** chaired a Washington, D.C., Brown Club committee on informal networking, which brought together 163

The "hike-bike man"

When **Paul Wittreich** retired in 1986 after thirty-one years with Merck & Company, he took charge of raising his three children still at home while his wife, Johanna, continued working. "There was time for other things, even though cooking and being Mr. Mom occupied most of my time," Paul recalls. Foremost on his mind was his goal of hiking the entire Appalachian Trail, which extends 2,130 miles from Georgia to Maine.

Paul who lives in Tenafly, New Jersey, and his oldest son, Bill, had hiked the 270-mile length of Vermont between 1970 and 1972. In 1988 Paul completed the Appalachian Trail with a final twenty-three-mile hike from Snickers Gap, Virginia, to Harpers Ferry, West Virginia, with twelve family members and friends.

Then Paul began looking for new chal-



lenges. He bought a touring bike and, never one to do things in a small way, began planning marathon bicycle trips. A New-York-to-Chicago jaunt was the first of four 800- to 1,000-mile, fourteen- to sixteen-day trips that finally brought Paul to the Pacific Ocean at Manhattan Beach in California. The 4,300-mile bicycle adventure was extended from Provincetown, Massachusetts, to San Clemente, California, when Paul added shorter trips in New England.

Last June Paul biked across Utah and Nevada on his way to California. While he had anticipated extreme heat, he found himself pedaling through

snow at some of the higher elevations in Nevada on Route 50, the so-called loneliest road in America. "It was a case of dealing with a possible case of hypothermia rather than the hyperthermia I'd expected," he says.

Paul says he is now contemplating future challenges, beginning, perhaps, with a climb up Mount Whitney.

area alumnae in numerous potluck dinners in alumnae homes and at one large reception. Her subcommittee chairs were **Betty Glass Loggia**, **Loyes Woods Spayd** '66, and **Diane Della-Loggia** '68. Diana lives in Bethesda, Md.

66

Don Warfield, vice president for strategic marketing for SkyTel in New York City, was a panelist for the session, "The Ultimate Mobile Office," at the summer Consumer Electronics Show, one of the nation's largest trade shows, held in June in Chicago.

67

Stuart Crump Jr., editor of *Cellular Sales & Marketing*, Herndon, Va., was moderator for the panel discussion, "The Ultimate Mobile Office," at the Consumer Electronics Show held in June in Chicago.

Susan Salms-Moss opened the new opera season in Regensburg, Germany, singing the Feldmarschallin in Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*. Also planned this season are the female leads in Verdi's *Otello* and Janacek's *Jenufa*. Susan made her debut in Vienna last year, singing the title role in Shostakovich's *Lady Macbeth of Mzensk*.

Margot White received her J.D. from the University of Virginia Law School in 1989 and is an assistant professor of medical ethics and patient-care law at the University of Virginia School of Medicine in Charlottesville,

where she also serves as an ethics consultant. Her career change followed ten years as a human-rights observer and activist, including three years in Iran (and a year in a Tehran prison for publicizing human-rights abuses against the Kurds by the Islamic regime). She has a son, Jason, 7, who is an avid chess enthusiast. In 1991 Margot married Herb Beskin, an attorney in Charlottesville, and last year they traveled to Moscow to adopt a 6-year-old daughter, Alena. Margot is pursuing additional training as a professional mediator.

69

Linda Abbott Antonucci, **Richard Blackman**, and **Bob Huseby** thank the many classmates who returned the 1969 reunion activities survey. We have assembled a great reunion committee and plans are nearly complete for our biggest and best reunion yet. The 25th is sure to be memorable - please plan to attend, May 27-30, 1994. Registration information should reach you by late winter. And don't forget to return your 25th reunion year-book survey if you haven't done so already.

Capt. **Alexander B. Smith** recently reported for duty aboard the Coast Guard Cutter *Eagle*, homeported in New London, Conn.

70

Elizabeth S. Judson works for a travel agency, coordinating group travel arrangements for study-abroad and youth-exchange groups. Her husband, Robert Clements, owns

a custom framing and artist's-supply shop called Zephyr Designs. They live in Brattleboro, Vt.

71

B. Christopher Bene has opened an office in Hong Kong for his architecture and interior-design practice. The location is in addition to his New York office. He can be contacted at 149 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010.

Jane Trowbridge Bertrand, New Orleans, is a professor in the department of international health and development at the Tulane University School of Public Health and Tropical Medicine. "At age 23, I learned cold weather was optional."

Barbara Bry recently was appointed director of programs for the University of California-San Diego Connect Program, which works with high-tech and biotech companies. She lives in La Jolla, Calif.

Merry Bullock writes that this spring she and her husband, Toomas Ilves, and their son, Luukas, moved to Washington, D.C., from Munich, where they lived for nine years. Toomas is ambassador from Estonia to the United States. In January, Merry will begin a temporary appointment as program director for perception and cognition at the National Science Foundation. Luukas attends kindergarten at the German School of Washington. Merry welcomes mail at 5649 Western Ave. NW, Washington, D.C. 20015.

Stephen B. Fullerton, Long Beach, Calif., is president of Materiel Resource Associates,

Inc., a medical cost-containment firm serving self-insured companies.

Lynne Gozonsky Hodgman and her husband, Dick (MIT '60), announce the birth of "long-awaited" Thomas Aaron on Feb. 6. Lucy is 8. They live in Leawood, Kansas.

Roberta J. Morris and her husband, Phil Bucksbaum, announce the birth of Caroline Beatrice Bucksbaum on Dec. 7. Roberta has a small private law practice and is a visiting instructor in the law school at the University of Michigan, where Phil is a professor of physics. Anyone passing through Ann Arbor is invited to give Roberta a call.

C. Alan Peck, Mountain View, Calif., has started a new venture-capital-financed medical-technology company in the urology field. He still does a lot of international travel.

Richard C. Ramsay is president of B.T. Ramsay and Company, Inc., a manufacturer's representative firm. He has been married to Kathy Drewes for twelve years. Son Michael Johnston is a sophomore at Indiana University, and daughter Whitney Ramsay is 10. Dick would love to hear from old Brown friends; he lives in Indianapolis.

L. Richard Roedersheimer lives in Cincinnati with his wife, Marianne, and their four children. Richard practices general vascular surgery and is president of Cranley Surgical Associates; he is also director of vascular surgery and director of the department of surgery at St. Francis-St. George Hospital.

Amy Grossman Sands lives in Brookline, Mass., with her husband, Rick, and their four children: Gabriel, 6, Shoshana, 13, Sara, 16, and Josh, 19. Amy graduated magna cum laude in June from Hebrew College with a master's degree in Judaic Studies. She was chosen to be valedictorian and gave the valedictory in Hebrew.

Paul Schopf, Brookeville, Md., is still busy doing ocean/atmosphere circulation research at NASA and owning and operating a horse-boarding stable and riding-lesson facility.

72

Christin Carter-Su and **Eugene Y. Su** '71 announce the birth of their second daughter, Alison Nai-chen Carter Su, on March 28, 1991. Elizabeth Nai-li Carter Su was born April 7, 1988. Christy was promoted to professor of physiology at the University of Michigan Medical School in September 1992. Gene keeps

busy running his private practice in rheumatology and serving as head of the section of rheumatology at St. Joseph Mercy Hospital, Ann Arbor, Mich., where the family lives.

Paul Espinosa wrote and produced an hour-long documentary film, *The Hunt for Pancho Villa*, which was scheduled to air on PBS's history series, "The American Experience," on Nov. 3. The program examined Pancho Villa's dramatic raid on Columbus, New Mexico, in 1916 and the American expedition, led by General John Pershing, that attempted to capture him.

Jeff Paine is corporate marketing manager of Cisco Systems, Inc., in California.

73

Joel Betesh writes that after enjoying his 20th reunion in May, he and his children visited **Jed Dixon's** farm in Foster, R.I. "We had a wonderful time reminiscing about our years at Brown and talking about what has happened since then." Joel has a private practice in internal medicine and does consulting in computer-based testing and quality assurance in Philadelphia. His wife, **Joan Katz Betesh** '72, practices immigration law in Philadelphia. They would love to hear from old friends.

74

Your reunion committee is working hard to make your 20th a special weekend. Included in the weekend will be a gala occasion that will be remembered for many years to come. Don't miss the weekend; save the dates now - May 27-30, 1994. You should have received your first reunion mailing. If not, please contact reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947.

Beth Goldstein is director of credit marketing for Macy's East. She has relocated from Atlanta to Cincinnati, and can be reached at (513) 573-3142.

Bobbe Hirsh has joined the law firm of Lord, Bissell & Brook, Chicago, as Of Counsel in its corporate tax practice. She formerly served as national director of international tax services for the accounting firm of McGladrey & Pullen. Previously she was an attorney with the New York offices of Baker & McKenzie and Cadwalader, Wickersham & Taft. She is a founding director of the International Tax Forum and serves on the board of advisors of the FSC/DISC Tax Association.

Richard E. Johnson '88 M.D. (see **Amy Beth Renee Hilton** '88 M.D.).

David Percelay, a veteran broadcast executive, has been named president of Scripps Howard Productions in Los Angeles. Previously he was managing partner of Jacobs & Gerber Entertainment, and from 1988 to 1990 he was a partner in the production company Sauter, Piller, Percelay Productions. After graduating from Harvard Business School in 1976, David spent twelve years with CBS, serving as vice president and station manager at KCBS-TV, Los Angeles, from 1985 to 1988.

Mona Zefitel and **George Adleman** announce the birth of Eric Zefitel Adleman on July 9; Lauren is 2. Mona's stepdaughter, Jen-

nifer, 16, also lives with them at 11 Murray St., Arlington, Mass. 02174. Mona is senior production supervisor in the higher education division at Addison-Wesley Publishing Company.

75

Barry Heller and his wife, Jill Lerner, announce the birth of Molly Rose on March 12. Eli is 3. Barry is an emergency physician at St. Mary Medical Center in Long Beach, Calif., and an assistant clinical professor at UCLA School of Medicine. Jill is an attorney at Metro Goldwyn Mayer, Inc. They would love to hear from friends at 933 Calle Miramar, Redondo Beach, Calif. 90277; (310) 373-8014.

Thor S. Johnson joined the Boston venture capital firm of Charles River Ventures after several years as an entrepreneur in Rhode Island. He is married to Maureen Drumm, and they have a daughter, Honore, born in June. Maureen owns her own interior design business in Newport, R.I. Friends can contact Thor at P.O. Box 148, Saundertown, R.I. 02874; (401) 295-0289.

Howard J. Shire and **Sharon Eisenstat Shire** '81 announce the birth of Matthew Joshua on May 17. Emily Suzanne is 4. Howard is a partner in the New York City intellectual property law firm of Kenyon & Kenyon. Sharon practices real estate law with the New York firm of Wolf, Halderstein, Adler, Freeman & Herz.

Tom Wood and **Linda Wood** announce the birth of Ryan Edward on July 15. Tom is a member of the technical staff in the photonic circuits research department at AT&T Bell Labs in Holmdel, N.J. Linda has taken a one-year leave of absence from her job as a software product manager at AT&T Bell Labs.

76

Kevin Anderson has joined the White House Office of Communications, where he is concentrating on health-care issues. He spent ten years as a business reporter and editor at *USA Today*, and in July of 1992 took a leave to serve as a consultant to the Alliance for Health Reform, a nonpartisan educational group that helps journalists, elected officials, and business leaders understand health-reform issues.

Michelle Proulx and **Chuck Connell** '75 announce the birth of Gerianne Proulx Connell on Jan. 11. Daniel is 2. The family lives in Darien, Conn.

77

Heidi Boghosian moved from New York City to Philadelphia, where she is attending Temple Law School. She is especially interested in death-penalty litigation, after working on alternatives to incarceration for nearly four years.

Pamela L. Hamilton was named vice president of Schwartz Communications, Wellesley, Mass., in August. The public relations agency specializes in emerging growth companies. Prior to joining Schwartz, Pamela was vice president and information-technol-

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From Wall Street to Germany

As the United States's new ambassador to Germany, **Richard Holbrooke** moves back into the Washington inner circle after a number of years in the private sector.

Holbrooke served as Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs during the Carter Administration. After President Ronald Reagan's election, Holbrooke went to Wall Street, where he was managing director at Lehman Brothers. Last June President Bill Clinton asked him to serve as U.S. ambassador to Germany. Holbrooke's appointment was confirmed on September 15 and he was sworn in on September 23. The new ambassador left for Bonn a few days later.

Holbrooke joined the State Department as a foreign service officer in 1962, served on detached duty with the Agency for International Development in Vietnam from 1963 to 1965, and was assigned to the



American Embassy in Saigon in 1965. He was a member of the U.S. delegation in Paris for the Vietnam Peace Talks in 1968.

From 1970 to 1972 he served as Peace Corps director in Morocco, and from 1972 to 1977 was managing editor of *Foreign Policy* magazine. Holbrooke was also director of publications for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace (1973-1976) and a contributing editor for *Newsweek International* (1976).

photos in an upcoming class newsletter.

Catherine Golden is an associate professor of English at Skidmore College in Saratoga Springs, N.Y. She and her husband, Michael Marx (Columbia '79), are the parents of 2-year-old twin boys, Jesse Benjamin and Emmet Gabriel Golden-Marx. Michael is an assistant professor of English at Skidmore.

Ilyse Gottlieb Johnson and her husband, Michael, announce the birth of Jacob Scott Johnson on July 1. Callie Layne is 2. Ilyse is an account executive for Richmond-based ABS Communications (WKHK/WKIK/-WSVS), and Michael is a metal worker at Reynolds Aluminum. They'd love to hear from alumni in the area. Their address is 2003 Deer Meadow Ct., Midlothian, Va. 23112; (804) 330-5700, (804) 763-4525.

79

Thanks to all of you who have returned your questionnaires. It is great to hear your ideas for our reunion events. It's not too late for those of you who haven't returned yours yet. Dig it out of your pile of bills and put it in the mail today. — *Judy Siegel*

Russell Lee Ellsworth '85 Sc.M. is director of management information services at Berkshire Community College in Pittsfield, Mass., "after giving up the high-stress world of defense work for the calmer atmosphere of academia." He still lives in Windsor, Mass.,

"just a hoot and a holler from Mt. Greylock," with his wife, Darleen, and children Katrina, 9, and Craig, 7. "I started running after ten years as a couch potato, and now finish road races usually in the top 20 percent of the field."

Kevin V. Grimes, an assistant professor at Stanford Medical School and a practicing general internist, was selected as one of seventeen White House fellows. He will serve a one-year assignment as special assistant to the Secretary of the Department of Defense. Kevin recently earned an M.B.A. from Stanford Business School. He also works as a volunteer physician and fundraiser for a local clinic. He lives in Mountain View, Calif.

Barbara Butcher Uboe and her husband, Einar, and their two children, Alexandra, 6, and Christopher, 4½, are still living in Oslo, Norway, but have a new address: Nils Collett Vogts vei 33, N-0765 Oslo; phone (47) 22-49 43 04. Einar is finance manager with IBM Norway, and Barbara is development director with AFS Norway. If any old friends or acquaintances are coming to Norway for the Winter Olympic Games, or for any other reason, get in touch. "There may even be a place at the inn, a welcome respite in the midst of sky-high Norwegian prices. You never know."

81

Valdis A. Dzelskalns is an assistant professor in the department of biology at Case Western Reserve University. His address is 250 Chatham Way #664, Mayfield Heights, Ohio 44124.

Marli Heimann Pasternak and **Art Pasternak** '79 announce the birth of James Leonard Pasternak on March 19. Alex is 2½. They are looking forward to attending Art's 15th reunion and visiting the children's uncle, **Paul Pasternak** '97.

82

Brian E. Burke has joined the Clinton administration's domestic policy staff as a senior policy analyst for environment and natural-resource issues. He spent three years in environmental enforcement litigation at the Justice Department. Brian and **Tracey Aronson** '84 recently celebrated their third wedding anniversary. Tracey is senior counsel in the office of general counsel at the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission.

Janice Louise Calabresi and Gregory Eaton Maggs were married on June 5 in Barrington, R.I. **Patricia Beaubien Dichter** was matron of honor, and the wedding party included **Elizabeth Schriever** '84 and **Peter Calabresi** '88 M.D. Other Brown alumni attended. Janice is a graduate of the University of Chicago Law School, where she roomed with Elizabeth. Janice recently served in the Bush administration as special counsel to the assistant attorney general for the civil division in the Justice Department. Greg, a graduate of Harvard College and Law School, is an associate professor of law at George Washington University. Janice's father is Paul Calabresi, chairman of the department of medicine at Brown. Janice and Greg live in northern Virginia.

78

If anyone has great photographs – or even not-so-great ones – of our 15th reunion, please forward them to **Kitty Fair**, PEA Box 1085, Exeter, N.H. 03833. We'll include the

Alumni Calendar

November

East Greenwich, R.I.

November 3. Forty-Fifth Anniversary Tea, sponsored by the Kent County Alumnae Club. At the home of Elsie Anderson Drew '46, 600 Ives Road. Call Pauline Denning '50, (401) 781-4794.

Providence

November 5. Alumni Career Forum, "Using Your Technical Skills." Cosponsored by Alumni Relations and Career Planning Services. Crystal Room, Alumnae Hall. 3:30-5 P.M. Call Melanie Coon '78, (401) 863-3380.

Princeton

November 6. Lecture by Professor of Biology Ken Miller '70. Sponsored by the Brown Club of Central New Jersey. Call Guy Crosby '69 Ph.D., (608) 683-0383.

Newport, R.I.

November 6. Panel discussion with students from Brown's Howard Swearer Center for Public Service. Sponsored by the Brown Club of Newport County. Newport Public Library, Spring Street. Call Josephine Carson '38, (401) 847-0792.

Bergen County, N.J.

November 7. Lecture by Professor of Biology Ken Miller '70. Cosponsored by the Brown Clubs of Northeastern New Jersey and Suburban New Jersey. At the Englewood Club in Englewood. Call Becky Eckstein '60, (201) 376-2646.

Los Angeles

November 10. "An Evening with President Vartan Gregorian," hosted by the Brown Club of Southern California. At the Museum of Flying, Santa Monica. Call Joel Cassel '60, (310) 203-3535.

London

November 15. "An Evening with President Vartan Gregorian," and a faculty presentation on the library of the future. Sponsored by the Brown Club of Great Britain. European Bank for Reconstruction & Development, One Exchange Square, London EC2A. Call Nancy Turck '68, (071) 629-1207.

Kent County, R.I.

November 18. Lecture by Professor of Geology Peter Schultz, "Catching Falling Stars: Investigating Craters on Venus and What They May Tell Us." Sponsored by the Kent County Alumnae Club. Call Mary Holburn '50, (401) 942-1859.

Providence

November 19. Alumni Career Forum, "Careers in Media." Co-sponsored by Alumni Relations and Career Planning Services. Crystal Room, Alumnae Hall. 3:30-5 P.M. Call Melanie Coon '78, (401) 863-3380.

Brown Travelers

Join Brown alumni and friends on these 1994 educational travel programs. For complete information call Therese Ciesinski, (401) 863-1946.

January 14-24. Grenadines and Windward and Leeward Islands. Voyage to some of the smaller islands of the Caribbean on board the 138-passenger *Yorktown Clipper*, with Assistant Professor of African-American Studies Lydia English.

March 11-20. Mississippi River Cruise. Explore themes of the Civil War and the roots of jazz on board the nineteenth-century paddle wheeler *Delta Queen*, with Professor of Psychology Ferdinand Jones.

April 27-May 9. D-Day Remembered. Retrace the steps of the Allied forces in London, Southern England, Normandy, and Paris, with Professor Emeritus of History Norman Rich.

This calendar is a sampling of activities of interest to alumni reported to the Brown Alumni Monthly at press time. For the most up-to-date listing or more details, contact the Alumni Relations Office, (401) 863-3307.

Dates of Interest

Academic Year 1993-94

Thanksgiving Recess

November 24-28

Final Exam Period

December 11-20

Winter Recess

December 21-January 25

Nadine Cartwright '85 M.D. completed a three-year residency in internal medicine at St. Vincent's Medical Center in Bridgeport, Conn. In September she opened her medical practice, the Center for Personal Health (CPH), in Westport, Conn. CPH specializes in internal medicine with an emphasis on preventive health care. Her husband, **Paul R. Lowe**, is president and managing partner of Lowe & Company, a private investment-management firm specializing in the acquisition of health and personal-care companies. They have three children: Paul, 8, Veronica, 6, and Douglas, 3.

Steve Jordan is playing his twelfth season with the Minnesota Vikings of the National Football League. The six-time Pro Bowl pick has played for four of the franchise's five coaches. "I figure I've already spent a year of my life in training camp," Steve told the *Boston Globe* last summer. "It's staggering when you think of that."

Carolyn Akaishi Stannard and **James P. Stannard** moved to Fayetteville, N.C., where Jim is working as an orthopedic surgeon at Womack Army Medical Center. Son Michael Saichi was born on July 12; he joins Jenny, 8, Luke, 6, and James, 3, in keeping Carolyn very busy.

Richard E. Sutton was one of twelve physicians to receive biomedical research awards from the U.S. Pharmaceuticals Group of Pfizer Inc. Richard is a postdoctoral fellow in the department of microbiology and immunology at the University of California-San Francisco School of Medicine. He received his Ph.D. and M.D. degrees as part of the medical scientist training program at Stanford. He will use the award to study the biology of retroviruses, and specifically will clone the cellular receptor for the human T-cell leukemia/lymphoma virus-1 (HTLV-1), which causes adult T-cell leukemia and many neurological disorders.

83

Thanks to everyone who made it back for our 10th reunion. More than 500 classmates attended and presented the Brown Annual Fund with a class gift of \$200,000 for the University's comprehensive campaign.

The following class officers were elected: **Joan MacLeod Heminway**, president; **Alexandra Garbers Pruner**, vice president; **Judith Wells Vigar**, treasurer; **Sara B. Low**, secretary; **Dawn Scheffler Spiera**, regional vice president (New York); **Ronald P. Christman**, regional vice president (Washington, D.C.); and **Edward D. Bird Jr.**, regional vice president (Tennessee).

Karen Friedman Lang and her husband, Howard, announce the birth of Arielle Ilyssa on Nov. 17, 1992. Karen is a fourth-year resident in psychiatry in Philadelphia.

84

Your reunion committee has been busy making plans for your 10th reunion to be held on the weekend of May 27-30, 1994. If you have any questions or you did not receive a fall mailing, please call reunion headquarters

at (401) 863-1947. Remember to save the dates.

Christine Seung-Hae Cho received her M.B.A. from the University of Chicago in 1986 and works in the finance department of General Motors, most recently in Brussels as manager of GM's European foreign exchange operations. In 1991 she married Randall Smith (University of Chicago '84, '86 M.B.A.). She is on a leave of absence from GM to spend more time with Alexandra Eun-Hae, who was born on March 5. The family lives in Frankfurt, Germany, where Randy is the management supervisor on the Johnson & Johnson account and the European director on the Samsung account for Saatchi & Saatchi Advertising Worldwide.

Elizabeth Wolfe Morrison and **R. Sean Morrison** '86 announce the birth of Kyle Seth on June 23. Sean has begun a two-year fellowship in geriatrics at the Mount Sinai Medical Center in New York City, and Elizabeth is assistant professor of management and organizational behavior at New York University. They live at 110 Bleecker St., Apt. 28B, New York, N.Y. 10012; (212) 995-0548.

Coleman Rogers and **Alison Tolman-Rogers** '85 announce the birth of their daughter, Campbell Ashdown, on May 13. Coleman is a freelance recording engineer in the greater Boston area, and Alison runs a graphic design studio from their home. Friends are encouraged to contact them at 17 Old Winchester St., Newton Highlands, Mass. 02161; (617) 969-3403.

Mary Cummings Satti and Michael E. Satti (Columbia '83) announce the birth of Catharine Cummings Satti on Aug. 6. Mary is completing her residency in internal medicine in Hartford, Conn. The family can be reached at 57 Orchard Ln., Glastonbury, Conn. 06033.

85

Betsy Epstein Brenner and her husband, Jeff, announce the birth of their first child, Rebecca Bussell, on Aug. 17. The family lives in Barrington, R.I.

Deanna Dorsey and Brad Waddell (Davidson '85) were married in Portland, Maine, in June. The wedding party included **Sarah Goff Razlowsky**, **Gabrielle Kater**, and **Sabina Siani Soloway**. Deanna is an anesthesiologist at the Medical College of Georgia in Augusta, and Brad is doing a general surgery residency at Eisenhower Army Medical Center in Augusta. Friends may reach them at 4013 Dowling Dr., Martinez, Ga. 30907.

Wendy Tanson Falek and James Falek announce the birth of Joshua Benjamin on May 15. Wendy received a master's in health policy in May and planned to return to work in the fall. The family loves Chapel Hill and they urge friends to stop by at 1506 Murray Ln., Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514; (919) 942-9944.

James J. Fontanilla is a first-year law student at Boalt Hall, University of California-Berkeley.

Mary Chatterton Handy and **Ned Handy** '83, and **Amy Ford Keohane** and Michael, announce the births of Samuel Chatterton Handy on May 11 and Lucy Ford Keohane on May 31.

Daphne Moore graduated in May from

Boalt Hall School of Law, U.C.-Berkeley, and is clerking in San Francisco, "the greatest city west of Providence, and it doesn't rain one day out of three." Daphne is married to Doug Butler. She misses Brown and hopes to make it back for the 10th reunion. **Nancy Shaw** flew to San Francisco from Chicago to surprise Daphne at law-school graduation.

86

Elizabeth Baer and **Mark Wilson Baer** '89 A.M. announce the birth of Daniel on July 30.

Suzanne Goldberg '85

Making her mark



TOM TYBURN

An article in the *Wall Street Journal* in July profiled a half-dozen professionals under the age of thirty who are succeeding in a tough job market.

One of the success stories was that of **Suzanne Goldberg**, an attorney with Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund, a New York-based gay and lesbian civil-rights organization. She played a key role in temporarily defeating Colorado's anti-gay-rights referendum as co-counsel in a suit brought by several groups, including Lambda. Goldberg argued that the referendum was unconstitutional. Last January, a Colorado state court granted a preliminary injunction. The case went to trial last month.

Goldberg first made news when, at age ten, she became the first girl to play for the Little League team in her hometown of White Plains, New York. After graduating from Brown, she studied women and public policy in Singapore as a Fulbright Scholar. Goldberg received her law degree from Harvard, where she concentrated on antidiscrimination.

"I can't imagine what I'd rather be doing," she told the *Wall Street Journal*.

He joins Wilson, who was born in April 1991. Elizabeth is an A.B.D. working toward a Ph.D. in linguistics, and Mark is the historic house administrator for the Western region of the Trustees of Reservations in Stockbridge, Mass., where they live.

Jodi P. Falk received her M.F.A. from Temple University, Philadelphia, and is a full-time faculty member of the Laban Centre for Movement and Dance, City University of London, England. After graduating from Brown, she danced for four years in New York City and toured nationally. Her choreographic work has been presented in Chicago, San Diego, New York, and Montreal. She would love to hear from friends: c/o Laban Centre, Laurie Grove, London, England SE14 6NH.

Judith A. Hayden married **Joseph J. Swirbalus '88** on June 5. The wedding party included **Lori Hayden Lousararian '82**, **Marta Nelson**, **Julia Andrews Friend '87**, **Stephen McCarthy '88**, and **Joseph Bardetti '88**. A number of other Brown alumni joined the festivities. Judi, who received her M.B.A. from Michigan, works for the corporate finance division of GE Capital. Joe has an M.B.A. from Columbia and is employed by Salomon Brothers. The couple lives in New York City.

Catherine Beermann Sullivan '89 M.D. and **Raymond Joseph Sullivan** announce the birth of **Brendan**. They live in Wallingford, Pa.

Andrew Robinson Young was married to **Adelaide Rosa Ciliotta** at the Copley Plaza Hotel in Boston on June 5. The groom is the son of **Abbe Beth Robinson Young '58** and **Jerald O. Young '54**. The groom's sisters, **Betsy Young Harris '82** and **Marji Young Chimes '84**, were attendants; **Paul Udris** was best man; and **David Sabel**, **Joseph Profaci**, **Richard Taylor**, and **David Harris '80** were ushers. Many other Brown graduates attended the wedding. Following a trip to Hawaii, the couple lives in Cambridge, Mass. Adelaide graduated from Cornell and Harvard Business School and is project manager at the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston. Andrew, an account executive with Harold W. Young, Inc., Wellesley Hills, Mass., is completing his M.B.A. at Boston University.

87

Jennifer Bouras married **Stuart Sheppard** (Saint Anselm's '86) on July 31. The wedding party included **Kecia Boufides Muller**, **Colleen McGuire Reed**, and **Lynn George Josephs**. Jennifer is a fixed-income trader with Back Bay Advisors, Inc., and Stuart is a financial advisor with Prudential Securities, Inc. They can be reached at 234 Marlborough St., Boston 02116.

Claire Cavanaugh, Seattle, is opening a sex store for women. She wants to name it "Toys in Babeland."

Nitya Datwani and her husband, **Mahesh Bharany** (UCLA '87), announce the birth of their son, **Maanit Bharany**, on June 12. They would love to hear from old friends at 14 Sunder Nagar Market, New Delhi 110003 India.

Eric Michael Hübler and **Karen Frieda Herzberg** (Bryn Mawr '87) are engaged. The wedding is planned for next May. Eric is

news editor at Prodigy, the national online information and entertainment service based in White Plains, N.Y., and a freelance writer. Karen is the operations manager of the Queens branch of Norrell Health Care, a provider of in-home medical care.

88

The class of 1988 celebrated our 5th reunion in May. Nearly 500 classmates returned and presented the Brown Annual Fund with a class gift of \$81,590 for the University's campaign. The reunion committee thanks everyone who came back for the festivities; it was terrific to see everyone and nice to have so many of us together. Reunion cochairs **Mike McGarry**, **Carrie Chimerine**, and **Andrea Levine** especially thank committee members and all classmates who contributed suggestions, time, and energy; they also thank the folks at Alumni Relations who made the reunion possible.

Congratulations to the new class officers elected at the reunion: **Mike McGarry**, president; **Andrea Levine**, vice president; **Karen Stern**, treasurer; **Jane Levine**, secretary; and at-large officers **Melissa Cole**, **Bernie Buonanno**, **Carolyn Scher**, and **Melissa Kline**.

An R. Trotter writes that she saw **Sarah Greenberg** in July at the wedding of a mutual friend at Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris. Sarah is pursuing a master's degree in art history at the Courtauld Institute in London. An is the American coordinator for a studio art school based in Florence, Italy.

89

Your reunion committee, headed by **Michael Kezirian** and **Nancy Erban**, is busy making plans for our fabulous 5th. Don't forget to return your reunion questionnaire if you haven't already done so. Reserve the dates, May 27-30, 1994.

Since graduation, **Julie Anderson** has worked for a television station in San Francisco, spent two years studying Chinese and teaching English in Taiwan and mainland China, and traveled extensively in Asia. She returned to the United States, and then spent last summer in Guatemala studying Spanish. In September she began teaching Latin and English at the Marymount School in New York City. Friends can reach her at 5644 Netherland Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10471.

Ronna Chao married **Paul L. Heffner** in May 1992 in New York City. Among the 200 guests were numerous Brunonians, including **Mimi Chen**, who was a bridesmaid. After two years in the mergers and acquisitions department of Goldman, Sachs & Company, Ronna is now working at Tommy Hilfiger USA, Inc. in New York City. Ronna and Paul traveled to Hong Kong in September for a month while Paul attended the Chinese University of Hong Kong as an exchange student from Columbia Business School. Ronna was planning to visit with **Vernée Ho '87**, **Karen Hui '80**, and **Philip Sohn '89**, among other alumni who are in Hong Kong.

Marc Edelstein received his Sc.M. in computer information systems and is work-

ing as a systems analyst at Cordis Corporation in Miami. "Ever since the Freedom of Speech was repealed, I have been spending my spare time manatee hunting, selling adverbs, and using the word *skirt* at least once a day. Offensive, harassing messages are welcomed at MEDEL@umiami.ir.miami.edu, or (305) 531-5976."

Jennifer Doran Gold and her husband, **Allan**, announce the birth of **Jacob Mitchell** on May 27. Jennifer has taken a leave of absence from her job as an ESL teacher in order to stay home with Jake. She'll return to work in the spring. The family lives in Santa Clara, Calif.

Vickie Hoiles completed work for her master's degree and is now writing her dissertation and doing her internship toward her Ph.D. in clinical psychology at Catholic University in Washington, D.C. She enjoys living in the D.C. area and is having fun with **Eric Dobson '87**, **Michael Coughlin '87**, and **Jim Lobsenz '87**.

Genevieve M. Kelly graduated from Georgetown University Law Center and is pursuing an LL.M. in European community law on a Fulbright scholarship in Belgium. Friends can write her c/o the Fulbright office in Brussels: Commission for Education Exchange, Avenue de la Toison d'Or, 79, Guiden Vlieslaan, B-1060 Brussels, Belgium.

Angela Moore graduated as a Dean's Outstanding Scholar at the University of San Diego Law School. She is an associate at Davis Wright Tremaine in Seattle. She is married to **Hercy Moore '89**, who is attending Stanford Business School. They welcome contact from friends at 3700 26th Pl. W. #203, Seattle 98199; (206) 281-8526.

Don Thumim married **Anna Kirsanova** in Moscow on Aug. 19. Don is writing his dissertation in Russian history at Harvard. Anyone wishing to write him may reach him at 201 Robinson Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

90

Tracy Goodman and **Scott Gladstone** (Brandeis '90) were married on May 30. Members of the wedding party included **Lisa Freda '91**, **Bonnie Gordon**, **Andrea Patalano**, **Debbie Swanson**, and **Jenny Juhasz Schwartz '89**. Tracy is working on her Ph.D. in clinical psychology at Emory University, and Scott is a public defender. Friends can reach them at 818 Carlyle Lake, Decatur, Ga. 30033.

Scott Galloway is vice president of the board of directors of the Acme Art Company, a nonprofit alternative art space in Columbus, Ohio. He can be contacted through the gallery: 737 N. High St., Columbus 43215.

Adam Komisarof, Tacoma, Washington, is teaching Japanese at the Annie Wright School. He is hoping to hear from old friends living anywhere, but especially in the Pacific Northwest. He can be reached at 827 N. Tacoma Ave., Tacoma 98403; (206) 272-9826.

Toby A. Loftus is academic consultant, network services, at Lewis and Clark College in Portland, Oreg. "I enjoy my new environment, but I really miss my good friends at

Brown, especially those in CIS. I'd love to hear from friends at 6301 SW Palatine #17, Portland 97219; (503) 293-2316; E-mail: toby@clark.edu."

Linda Miron and Tom Binder were married on June 26 in Rockport, Mass. Linda is the daughter of Richard Miron '64. Chloe Gale was maid of honor; Julia Kellison and Tanya Blumstein were bridesmaids; Nathan Koppel, John Dawson '89, Matt Lovell, Andy Suth, and Nathaniel Smith were ushers; and Didier Jean-Baptiste, Amy Levin, and Jenny Backus were readers at the ceremony. "Many other Brown graduates mixed, mingled, and danced up a storm," Linda writes. Linda and Tom honeymooned on Prince Edward Island, Canada. Tom is in medical school, and Linda is teaching high-school English. They can be reached at 1081 Boulevard, West Hartford, Conn. 06119. Linda adds that Julia Hyun-Lee was married to Stephen Lee on May 8. Corey Ohama was maid of honor, and Tanuja Desai was a bridesmaid. Julia is finishing law school at Northeastern, and Stephen is finishing an ophthalmology residency program at Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary.

91

Thomas R. Hower received a Rutgers Graduate Scholar Award for academic excellence at the Rutgers University School of Law at Camden, where he is a second-year law student.

Nina Karlin is a second-year medical student at Dartmouth. She is enjoying medical school and the "outdoorsy" environment of Hanover and nearby Vermont. Visitors please stop by at 12 Summer St. in Hanover.

92

Sue-Yin Goh and Peter Lee have returned to Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, after a year of working in Boston and some weeks of traveling in the United States. During the trip, they stayed with Sean Sapone, who is a para-trooper stationed at Fort Bragg, N.C., and met up with Azmir Muhamed in San Francisco. Peter is a staff consultant for Andersen Consulting. He can be reached at 71 Jalan Limau Nipis, Bangsar Park, 59000 Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. Sue-Yin is working for an advertising agency and can be reached at 21 Jalan Turi, Bukit Pantai, 59100 Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.

Haera Hwang writes: "Friends of Shaida Imani and Brian Lynch flew and drove from all over the country to Chicago for their wedding on July 24. Samir Doshi, David Oakland, and James Green drove for two days from New Jersey; Lauren Greenbaum, Mike Maisano '91, Martha Schmitz, Jim Kucik, and Brandon Barnett '91 flew from Boston; Josh Gold '91 flew in from San Francisco; the Strasberg brothers, Adam '91 and David '92, took off a few days from work in Washington, D.C., to attend; Jennifer Oh spent five months knitting a blanket for the newlyweds, two hours on a plane, and five hours at O'Hare trying to find her ride. Matt Kelleman and Jason Rothenberg also flew in from the nation's capital. S. David Mitchell

'91 and Haera Hwang, Shaida's roommate for three years, flew in from New York on leftover American Express student vouchers. The longest distance traveled was by Peter Gillespie '91, who returned extra early from Taiwan. The shortest distance was traveled by Grace Lee, who lives outside Chicago. Everyone danced and partied until 2 A.M."

Marc Osofsky and Debbie Perlman were engaged on Dec. 31, 1992, and are planning a July 1994 wedding. They both recently returned from a year in Moscow and are living in Minnesota.

Doug Render, Cincinnati, writes: "After a year at home in Cincinnati, Jessie Hill has begun a doctoral program in comparative literature at Yale. I wish her all the best."

93

Joao Delgado, East Providence, R.I., was the recipient of the Rhode Island Lung Association's 31st Harry L. Gardner Award for medical studies. He received the award at the association's annual meeting in June. An EMT, Joao traveled to Romania last January to work in an orphanage housing chronically-ill children. Joao began medical school at Dartmouth this fall.

GS

Henry O. Hooper '61 Ph.D. has been named interim vice president of academic affairs at Northern Arizona University, Flagstaff, Ariz. Hooper has held the position of associate vice president for academic affairs - research and graduate studies at NAU since 1981. In the past few years he has directed the university-wide effort to coordinate programs supporting Native American students and economic development of Native American tribes. NAU is second among four-year universities in the number of Native American students enrolled. Hooper also coordinates the university's programs in environmental studies and is president of the National Council of University Research Administrators. Before coming to NAU, he spent eight years at the University of Maine, Orono, where he served as chairman of the physics department for three years and was dean of the graduate school for two years. Prior to that, he was a physics professor at Wayne State University. His research is in the areas of solid-state physics and materials science, with an emphasis on amorphous magnetic materials.

William W. Durgin '70 Ph.D., a professor of engineering at Worcester Polytechnic Institute, has been named a fellow of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. He is a registered professional engineer in Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and Florida, and lives in Holden, Mass.

Caroline B. Brettell '78 Ph.D. was promoted to full professor of anthropology at Southern Methodist University last spring. She continues as director of women's studies, a position she has held since the fall of 1989. This past year she had two edited volumes published: *Gender in Cross-Cultural Perspective*, with Carolyn Sargent; and *When They*

Classified Ads

For sale

BROWN UNIVERSITY WEDGEWOOD DINNER PLATES. Complete set featuring twelve University scenes. 617-934-5757.

Tours

TOUR ANCIENT MEXICO with Brown archaeologist Dr. Geoffrey McCafferty, December 28 - January 9, 1994. Mexico City, Teotihuacan, Cholula, Oaxaca, Monte Alban, Mitla, and more. Expert leader, first-class hotels, some meals, air, about \$2,500. Sponsor: Haffenreffer Museum. Information: Call Jean Kellaway 508-997-3124 or Lyn Udvardy 401-253-8388.

Personals

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WEST CORK, IRELAND. Stone Cottage. Renovated. 2 bedrooms. 2 Baths. Bates, Main Road. Granville, Mass. 01034.

Read What We Write: The Politics of Ethnography.

Terence Woods '70 M.A.T. is a middle- and upper-school English teacher at Abington Friends School in Jenkintown, Pa. He formerly taught at the Westtown School in Westtown, Pa. A graduate of Marlboro College, he has a master's degree in English from Middlebury College.

Russell Lee Ellsworth '85 Sc.M. (see '79).

Mark Wilson Baer '89 A.M. (see **Elizabeth Baer** '86).

MD

Nadine Cartwright '85 M.D. (see '82).

Amy Beth Renee Hilton '88 M.D. and **Richard E. Johnson** '74, '88 M.D. announce the birth of Christopher Owen Johnson on July 27. Both parents were anesthesiologists at Thomas Jefferson Hospital in Philadelphia before moving to Durham, N.C., where they are employed by Duke University Hospital.

Obituaries

Watson Smith '19, Tucson, Ariz.; July 29. He received a law degree from Harvard in 1924, and practiced with Hinckley, Allen, Tillinghast & Phillips in Providence before switching fields in the 1930s and becoming prominent as an archaeologist of the Southwest and of the ancient Anasazi Indians. His award-winning work centered on the early culture of the American Indian, and much of it was done on the northern Arizona homelands of the Hopi Indians. He specialized in ceramic classifications, murals, Pueblo ethnology, and Zuni law. A U.S. Army Air Force veteran of World War II, he moved to Tucson in 1952, where he was a research associate in anthropology at the University of Arizona until 1958. He was on the staff of the Museum of Northern Arizona in Flagstaff and was curator of Southwestern archaeology for Harvard's Peabody Museum until 1975. He served as a Brown Trustee from 1950 to 1964 and a Fellow from 1964 to 1971, and was awarded an honorary doctor of laws in 1964. He is survived by his wife, Lucy, 2028 E. Lee St., Tucson 85719; and a son, **Benjamin** '69.

Alice Tattree Fletcher '20, McLean, Va.; July 24. While doing graduate work at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, she worked in the research and development section at Aberdeen Proving Grounds, where she compiled mathematical data for the first bomb sights installed in airplanes. She is survived by a son and three daughters, including **Elizabeth Adams**, 23400 Shiloh Church Rd., Boyds, Md. 20841.

William Aronson '22, Brookline, Mass.; June 23. He was the owner-operator of William Aronson Real Estate in Brookline. He served in the U.S. Army during World War I, played semi-pro baseball in the Cape Cod League in the 1920s, and played professional football for the Providence Steamrollers. He was a founding member of the Boston YMCA,

where he ran two miles a day until the age of 91, when he was injured in an automobile accident. He is survived by a daughter and a son.

Edward Sherwood Coons Jr. '26, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.; June 14. He was an attorney with the U.S. tax court from 1929 until 1933, and practiced law in New York City until 1937, when he joined Commercial Union Insurance Company, also of New York City, as general counsel. He retired in 1967. He is survived by his wife, Marian, 23 Fifth Ave., Saratoga Springs 12866.

H. Louise Harris '26, Warwick, R.I.; July 19. After graduation she and her mother took over her father's printing business, Samuel P. Harris Inc., where she was secretary from 1928 to 1942. She was a church organist and recitalist and taught piano and organ. From 1956 to 1961 she studied the nineteenth-century publication *The Youth's Companion*, researching stories by her childhood hero, C.A. Stephens. She prepared a comprehensive bibliography of his work in 1965, as well as several volumes of his stories, including *Molly's Baby* (1969), *C.A. Stephens Looks at Norway* (1970), and *Little Big Heart* (1973). She was the founder and curator of the C.A. Stephens Collection in the John Hay Library. An author in her own right, she published *None But the Best* (1966), *Flag Over the Schoolhouse* (1971) and its two-part sequel, and a book on C.A. Stephens, *Our Great American Story-Teller* (1979). She was a benefactor to Brown, where she helped start the medical school, and to Rhode Island Hospital. She was a member of the American Historical Association, the National Historical Society, the American Heritage Society, the National Trust for Historic Preservation, the American Guild of Organists, and the International Biographical Centre of Cambridge, England. There are no immediate survivors.

Anne Flynn Jolles '27, North Providence, R.I.; July 23. She was a teacher at Central and Hope high schools in Providence before retiring in 1950. There are no immediate survivors.

Martha W. Budlong '29, '31 A.M., Providence; Aug. 24. She was an English teacher at Hope High School and a French teacher at Classical High School, both in Providence, for many years before retiring in 1960. There are no immediate survivors.

John Kenyon Davis '29, Vero Beach, Fla.; June 28. A chemist, he retired in 1972 as technical director of textile finishing at Sayles Biltmore Bleacheries in Biltmore, N.C. He is survived by his wife, Ruth, 1441 Ocean Dr., Vero Beach 32963; a son; and three daughters.

Derrick Henry Lehmer '29 Sc.M., '30 Ph.D., Berkeley, Calif. He was professor of mathematics emeritus at the University of California, Berkeley, where he taught for thirty-nine years. A former Guggenheim Fellow, he was director of the Institute for Numerical Analysis in the National Bureau of Standards. He received a Graduate Alumni Citation from Brown in 1979. He is survived by his

wife, Emma '30 Sc.M., 1180 Miller Ave., Berkeley 94780.

Marguerite Hunt '29, Seattle; June 16. She was professor emerita at the University of Washington School of Social Work, where she taught for twenty-two years. She is survived by her sister, **Dorothy Hunt** '29, 1301 Spring St., #8F, Seattle 98104.

Herbert Henry Uhlig '29, Hancock, N.H.; July 3. He was professor emeritus, department of materials science and engineering, at MIT, where he received his Ph.D. in 1932 and taught until his retirement in 1972. In 1990 he received the Francis L. LaQue Award from the LaQue Center for Corrosion Technology Inc., for his contributions to the field of marine corrosion. During World War II, he worked at the General Electric Research Laboratory in Schenectady, N.Y., and in 1948 he edited and published *Corrosion Handbook*, a comprehensive review of corrosion data, which is still considered a seminal work. In 1982 MIT's Corrosion Laboratory was dedicated and renamed in his honor. He is survived by three daughters and his wife, Greta, Duncan Rd., P.O. Box 444, Hancock 03349.

Arthur Raymond Sanborn '30, San Diego, Calif.; June 25. In 1972 he retired after thirty-seven years with the Atlantic Richfield Company and moved to San Diego. Lambda Chi Alpha. He is survived by his wife, Marion, 17473-30 Plaza Abierto, San Diego 92128; and two sons, including **Richard** '65.

James Benjamin Brown '31, Gorham, Maine; Aug. 5. He began working at the Puritan Life Insurance Company, Providence, while in college; in 1966 he was named secretary-treasurer, and he retired in 1976. He was an Army veteran of World War II. Survivors include two daughters and his wife, Alice, Gorham House, Gorham 04038.

Ruth Mann Freeman '31, White Horse Village, Pa.; June 25. She was a hospital laboratory technician before her marriage in 1936. She served on the board of Presbyterian Homes of New Jersey. She is survived by a daughter and a son, **G. Newton Freeman** '62, 2004 Via Pacheco, Palos Verdes Estates, Calif. 90274.

Justus B. Stevens '31, Riverside, R.I.; July 18. He was vice president and director of engineering for the Sealol Corporation, Warwick, R.I., for thirty-eight years before retiring in 1978. He developed the pressure-valve seal used in all space vehicles. He was a member of the American Society of Lubricating Engineers, the Providence Engineering Society, and the American Rocket Society, and was a past president of the Holy Name Society. Alpha Phi Tau. Survivors include a daughter and his wife, Lillian, 40 Thurston St., Riverside 02915.

Dorothy Montanaro DelSesto '32, Cranston, R.I.; July 28. She was a librarian at Samuel W. Bridgman Middle School in Providence for many years before retiring in 1972. Among

her survivors are two sons, including Robert, 23 Caring Dr., Oxford, Conn. 06478.

Benjamin Lang Barringer '33, New Milford, Conn. He was an attorney. He is survived by a daughter, Wyne Barringer Rogg, 586 Danbury Rd., New Milford 06776.

Dean Fiske Coffin '33, Bloomfield Hills, Mich.; Aug. 17, 1992. Throughout his career he made films and stage shows for industry. Beginning in the late 1950s he was vice president in charge of sales, Great Lakes Sales Division of Wilding Picture Productions Inc. Survivors include two sons, **Howard II** '61, 431 Fulton St., Philadelphia, 19147; and **Tristram** '62.

Rockwell Gray '34, North Kingstown, R.I.; May 22. He was associated with Brown and Sharpe Manufacturing Company for more than thirty-five years, and was named treasurer in 1968, a post he held until retiring. He is survived by his wife, Alice, 45 Narrow Ln., North Kingstown 02852; three sons, including **Rockwell Jr.** '60; and four stepchildren.

Alfred Howell Halberstadt '34, Southbury, Conn.; April 9. He was a real estate executive for the Shell Oil Company until his retirement. He was a World War II U.S. Army Air Force veteran. He is survived by a son and two daughters, including Janet Lewis, 84 Scenic Rd., Madison, Conn. 06443.

The notice in the September issue regarding the death of **George Payson Rowell Jr.** '34 mistakenly listed **Margaret Kenny Rowell** '27 as his survivor; she is the wife of Gordon A. Rowell, and they live in South Chatham, Mass. We apologize.

Henry William Connor '35, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.; April 24. He directed the Springfield (Mass.) Taxpayers Association before moving to Newark, N.J., in 1946, where he served as executive director of the Greater Newark Chamber of Commerce and of the Greater Newark Development Council, retiring in 1969. He was secretary of the Newark Industrial Development Corporation and Symphony Hall Inc. He is survived by his son, **Lawrence** '65, One Schoonmaker Point, Sausalito, Calif. 94965.

Paul Joseph Smith '35, Horseheads, N.Y.; March 31. There are no known survivors.

Harry Percival Wareham '35, West Falmouth, Mass.; April 9, 1992. He was a sales representative for the F.N. Burt Company Inc., East Rochester, N.Y. He is survived by a son.

Pauline Mellor Bernstein '36, '37 A.M., Bal Harbour, Fla.; July 31. She taught at Lincoln School, Providence, for four years, and at Hope High School, Providence, for one year. She was a member of the National Council of Jewish Women and for twenty-five years worked with World War II refugees. Among her survivors are two sons, including **Richard Bernstein** '63, 102 Foxhall Ln., Narberth, Pa. 19072.

Nicholas Utter Waterman '36, North Scituate, R.I.; Aug. 12. He was safety-deposit manager for the People's Savings Bank, Providence, for twenty years until 1978. Survivors include his wife, Thelma, 696 East Rd., North Scituate 02857; and a son.

Grace Vanderman Cratty '38, Rockville, Conn.; April 28. She taught in Vernon, Conn., schools for twenty-six years, including the Vernon Center Middle School, where she was head of the social studies department. After retiring she served on the board of directors of the League of Women Voters and as chair of membership for the Vernon Historical Society for many years. Phi Beta Kappa. She is survived by a son, Michael, 104 Grove St., Rockville 06066.

Ahti Albert Erkkinen '38, Riverside, R.I.; Aug. 11. He was general manager of the Builders Iron Foundry, Providence, for twenty-two years; the Freemont Castings Company, Worcester, Mass., for eight years; and Fairmount Foundry, Woonsocket, R.I. He was a sales representative for Alcan, Marlboro, Mass., until retiring in 1979. He was a member of the Providence Engineering Society and the American Mechanical Engineers, and was a past president of the New England chapter of the American Foundryman's Association. An activist and environmentalist, he was a member of Save the Bay, the East Providence Conservation Commission, and the Somerset Historical Association. Among his survivors are his companion, Rachael Beverly, and two sons, including Peter, 12 Elton St., Providence 02906.

John Henry Harley '38, Hoboken, N.J.; July 25. A leading expert on environmental radioactivity, he retired in 1980 as director of the Environmental Measurements Laboratory of the U.S. Department of Energy in Manhattan. He had joined the Atomic Energy Commission in 1949 as chief of the analytical division of what became its Health and Safety Laboratory. As chief safety analyst, he evaluated research on nuclear fallout sampled at more than 100 sites worldwide. After his retirement, he continued as a consultant, particularly in the area of measurement and risk from environmental radon. He was the author of more than 100 scientific articles and reports. He received his advanced degrees at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, where he taught for several years. His studies were interrupted during World War II, when he did research for the Manhattan Project. He is survived by his wife and collaborator, Naomi, Box A-25, Marine View Plaza #1, Hoboken 07030; two sons; and a daughter.

Phyllis Haydock Michael '39, Middletown, R.I.; Feb. 10. An art teacher and painter who exhibited her work in Rhode Island galleries, she was a past executive secretary and acting president of the Newport Art Museum. She was instrumental in helping maintain the Art Association Art School. She was also a director of the Children's Home, now Child and Family Services of Newport County. She was

a member of the Preservation Society of Newport County and past president of the Newport County branch of the American Association of University Women. Survivors include a daughter, **Leslie Michael Henderson** '69, and son-in-law **Bruce Henderson** '69, 13608 Lytton Way, Tampa, Fla. 33624.

Gladys Chernack Kapstein '40, Providence; June 22. She was self-employed as a consultant to professional athletes. A music teacher for many years in the Providence area, she was a former member of the Rhode Island Civic Chorale and in 1959 was coorganizer of the University of Rhode Island summer music camp. She was a cofounder of the Children's Concerts Committee of the Rhode Island Philharmonic Orchestra and a member of the Rhode Island and National Music Educators. She was a board member of the Jewish Federation of Rhode Island since 1978. She served as chair of the Jewish Family Service Adoption Committee since 1977, and was a board member of the Hebrew Free Loan Association and a member of the Bureau of Jewish Education. She was a member of the Urban League of Rhode Island, the Rhode Island branch of the NAACP, the Miriam Hospital Women's Association, the Ladies Association of the Jewish Home for the Aged, and the Friends of the Library of Brown University. She was president of the Rhode Island Alpha of Phi Beta Kappa at Brown from 1985 to 1988. She was a former member of the board of editors of the *Brown Alumni Monthly* and a former member of the editorial board of the *Pembroke Alumnae Magazine*. She was a member of the board of the Associated Alumni and the first woman on the University's Athletic Advisory Council. She is survived by her husband, **Sherwin** '39, 320 Lloyd Ave., Providence 02906; two sons; and a daughter, **Deborah Kapstein Bronitsky** '69 M.A.T.

Nancy Maher Galligan '41, Providence; Aug. 25. She was vice president and treasurer of the former Flynn Linen Supply, East Providence, for thirty years before retiring in 1980. For twenty years she was a volunteer driver for Meals on Wheels. She was reunion chair for Pembroke Class of '41's 45th reunion in 1986. She is survived by her husband, Charles, 15 Cole Ave., Providence 02906; a son; and a daughter, **Ann M. Galligan** '77.

George Hurley Jr. '41, Silver Spring, Md.; July 4. He was a cryptanalyst with the National Security Agency, Washington, D.C., from 1941 until his retirement in 1980. During World War II he was a member of a small American team that worked with the British Foreign Office at Bletchley Park, England. He was a past president of the Brown Club of Washington. He is survived by his wife, Nancy, 1000 Hobbs Dr., Silver Spring 20904; a son, **G. Douglas** '71; a daughter, **Carol** '78; and a sister, **Constance Hurley Andrews** '48.

D. Francis Finn '43, Derwood, Md.; June 8. He was the former executive vice president of the National Association of College

and University Business Officers (NACUBO) at the time of his retirement in 1986. He was senior vice president from 1969 to 1984. Before joining NACUBO, he was business manager and assistant treasurer at Purdue University. He is survived by five children, including Daniel, 16509 Keats Ter., Derwood 20855.

George Paul Wargo Jr. '43, Wethersfield, Conn.; June 13. At the time of his retirement he was general manager of Zongol Dodge, Inc., an automobile dealership in Southington, Conn. He is survived by his wife, Nancy, 433 Prospect St., Wethersfield 06109.

J. Wallace Conklin '44, Cranston, R.I.; July 15. A neurologist, he began practice in Rhode Island in 1957. At the time of his death, he was a consultant in neurology at Women and Infants Hospital, Rhode Island Hospital, and the St. Elizabeth Home. Earlier he served on the staffs of the Rhode Island Medical Center General Hospital, Miriam Hospital, and Roger Williams Hospital. During World War II he served with the U.S. Army of Occupation in Japan. He was a fellow of the American Academy of Neurology, and a diplomate of the National Board of Medical Examiners and the American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology. He was a member of the Rhode Island Neurological Society and Rhode Island Medical Society. He is survived by a son, Jonathan, 100 Marlborough St., East Greenwich, R.I. 02818; and three daughters, including **Elizabeth Conklin** '81, of Burlington, Vt.

William Cappuccio Spears '44, '60 A.M., '62 Ph.D., Saratoga Springs, N.Y.; Dec. 7. A specialist in child psychology, he was an associate professor of psychology at Skidmore College in Saratoga Springs. He is survived by his wife, Hilda, 6 Crommelin Dr., Saratoga Springs 12866.

Charles Everett Banks '46, Huntington, N.Y.; March 21. Before retiring, he was an engineer with H2M Laboratories Inc. He served in the Navy during World War II. He is survived by his wife, Cecilia Anderson Banks '48, 70 Chestnut St., Huntington 11743; a son; and two daughters.

Charles Francis Carter II '46, Bedford, Mass.; July 12. An insurance adjuster for forty years, he worked for the General Adjustment Bureau and Gillis Associates before retiring in 1990. He was an antique car enthusiast and was involved in the Boy Scouts in Bedford. During World War II he served in the U.S. Army Air Corps. Survivors include his wife, Dorothea, 2 Strawberry Hill Rd., Bedford 03102; two sons; and a daughter.

William Francis Hess Jr. '46, Las Vegas, Nev.; Aug. 21. A lawyer, he was a graduate of Boston College Law School and a member of the Rhode Island Bar Association, the Nevada Bar Association, and American Trial Lawyers Association. Survivors include his wife, Lynne, of Las Vegas; and a son.

John Dagfin Krohn '47, Pembroke Pines, Fla.; May 26, of a heart ailment. He had been vice president and treasurer for a subsidiary of *Look* magazine and was cofounder, retired vice president, and chief financial officer of Budget Marketing Inc. A U.S. Marine Corps veteran, he received his master's in accounting from Columbia University and lived in Des Moines, Iowa, for thirty years before moving to Florida in 1991. Survivors include his wife, Carmela, 9520 SW 7th St., Pembroke Pines 33025; three daughters; two sons; two stepsons; and a brother, **Kenneth** '51.

Elizabeth G. Myer '47 A.M., Barrington, R.I.; July 8. She served as librarian at the Phoebe Griffin Noyes Memorial Library in Old Lyme, Conn., from 1940 to 1942. After World War II, in which she served as an ensign and then a lieutenant in the U.S. Naval Reserve, she was the reference librarian at the Morrill Memorial Library in Norwood, Mass., until 1953. She was then a teacher and librarian in Newton, Mass.; a supervisor for rural library services; and then director of the Rhode Island State Library Services from 1964 to 1975. She was past president of the Rhode Island Library Association and recipient of the association's Distinguished Service Award. She is survived by a nephew and a niece.

Wheaton Arnold Holden '48, Millis, Mass.; July 31, following a heart attack. He retired in 1988 after teaching architectural history at Northeastern University, Boston, for thirty-nine years. He was a producer of architectural and historical films, including a documentary for the Hopedale, Mass., bicentennial celebration; and *The Last White Line*, a documentary on Brown football from 1878 to 1972. He was a member of the Society of Architectural Historians, a founding member of the Train Collectors Association, and a member of the Train Operators Society. He served with the U.S. Army Air Force during World War II, and earned his master's and doctorate at Boston University. He is survived by his wife, the Rev. **Leila Burt Holden** '48, 228 Causeway St., Millis 02054; six children; and two sisters, including **Norma Holden Hardy** '46.

Russell Cornelius Holt '48, West Nyack, N.Y.; June 5. A civil engineer, he was executive vice president of Metcalf & Eddy International. He was involved in major engineering projects worldwide, including the design and construction of the Sondstrom, Greenland Airfield, and the Ballistic Missile Early Warning Sites in Greenland and Alaska. He was a U.S. Army veteran of World War II and held a master's degree in management from Harvard. He is survived by his wife, Patricia, West Nyack; three daughters; and three sons.

Richard Curtis Packert '48, New York City; July 5, 1992. A 1952 graduate of Tufts University School of Medicine, he was a physician and radiologist at Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center in New York City.

James Vincent Boyd '49, Cranston, R.I.; July 4. He was a process engineer for the Victor

Electric Company, West Warwick, R.I., for seven years before retiring in 1985. He was an Army veteran of World War II and was taken prisoner by the Germans. He is survived by his wife, Marion, 50 Elton Cir., Cranston 02920; and two sons.

Robert Hird Davidson '49, Brewster, Mass.; May 10. He was a retired trust officer for the Proctor Bank in Rutland, Vt. He served in the U.S. Army Air Corps during World War II. Among his survivors are three children, including Robert, 80 Parks St., Duxbury, Mass. 02332.

Lincoln Edward Barber Jr. '50, Sherborn, Mass.; Aug. 12. He was with Shawmut National Bank for thirty-two years and retired in 1984 as vice president. He was a U.S. Army veteran and served in the military government of Japan following the war. Survivors include his wife, Carolyn, 24 Bear Hill Rd., Sherborn 01770; three sons; and a brother, **Charles** '41.

Caryl Hicks Clark '50, Southern Pines, N.C.; May 10. A retired real estate developer, she was one of the first to develop condominiums in New England, designing and developing Willow Spring in Hanover, N.H., in the late 1960s. She was an active member of the Hanover Historical Society, helping move and preserve Webster Cottage and serving as its first curator. A longtime Norwich, N.H., resident, she cofounded the Norwich Nursery School, was a Cub Scout den mother, and fought to save fifty-acre Warner Meadow in the center of the town. Survivors include her husband, William, P.O. Box 382, Southern Pines 28387; three children; and four stepchildren.

Robert Clinton Gibbs '50, Warren, R.I.; July 27, of leukemia. He was vice president of trusts at South Shore Bank, formerly Durfee-Attleboro Multi-Bank, from 1983 until his retirement in 1989. Previously he was employed by Rhode Island Hospital Trust Company for twenty-four years, retiring in 1983 as vice president of the trust department. He was a U.S. Army veteran of World War II, a member of the Providence Society of Financial Analysts, and treasurer of the American Cancer Society and the Camp Fire Girls of Rhode Island. He was a board member of Wiggins Village of Providence and of Family Services of Rhode Island. He was also vice chairman of the Warren Housing Authority and past president of the Warren District Nurses Association, now the East Bay District Nurses Association. He is survived by his wife, **June Johnson Gibbs** '50, 56 Shore Dr., Warren, R.I. 02885; and a son, **Kendall** '82 M.D.

Robert Albert Gammino '51, West Palm Beach, Fla.; July 26. He was president of M.A. Gammino Realty Company from 1959 to 1985. From 1952 to 1959 he was co-owner and executive vice president of the former M.A. Gammino Construction Company, now Tilton Gammino Inc. He was a member of the Rhode Island State Demo-

1970 and 1972 he was a candidate for the state senate. From 1974 to 1982 he served on the Commission on Judicial Tenure and Discipline for Rhode Island. In 1972 and 1973 he was cochairman of the first and second Easter Seal Telethons of Rhode Island. He moved to Florida in 1985. He was a U.S. Marine Corps veteran of World War II. He is survived by his wife, Susan; two sons; and two daughters.

Alice Lecht Koret '51, Rochester, N.Y.; July 11. She was a social worker for seven years for the Munroe County Department of Social Services, retiring in 1982. She was a docent at the Memorial Art Gallery. During World War II, she served as a captain in the U.S. Women's Army Corps. She was in charge of all women prisoners during the Nuremberg trials. During and after the war she worked with the Jewish Underground sending refugees to Israel. Phi Beta Kappa. She is survived by her husband, Sydney, 220 Hibiscus Dr., Rochester 14618; and two sons.

Frederick Poehler Reding '51 Ph.D., Lake Wylie, S.C.; July 7, in Mission Beach, Australia, while snorkeling on the Great Barrier Reef. He spent his entire career at Union Carbide Corporation, retiring in 1983 as manager of the cellular products intermediate division. He was a member of the American Chemical Society and the Society of Plastics Engineers. Phi Beta Kappa, Sigma Xi. He is survived by his wife, Rose, 2 Oakwood Ct., Lake Wylie 29710; a daughter; and two sons, including **F. Scott** '73.

Richard Leonard Tauber '52, New York City; July 18. He was managing director of Gates Capital Corporation in New York City. Prior to that he was vice president and head of the money-market, portfolio, and bond trading division's sales and marketing group at Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, and then a principal at Langdon P. Cook and Company Inc. He served as a lieutenant with the U.S. Army in Germany. Kappa Sigma. He is survived by his wife, Suzanne, 1130 Park Ave., New York 10128; a daughter; and a son.

Betsy Lee Jeffers Bishop '54, Providence; Aug. 3. In 1954 she became Rhode Island's first heart laboratory technician at Miriam Hospital, Providence. She assisted on similar treatment programs at Rhode Island Hospital. From 1960 to 1966, she taught biology part-time at Lincoln and Wheeler schools in Providence. She was a founding member and chairman of Helping Our Public Education, a community organization that established the educational format of the Martin Luther King Elementary School in Providence and was instrumental in the desegregation of East Side elementary and middle schools. She was a Girl Scout and Brownie troop leader. In 1966 she began working in her husband's business, E.F. Bishop Insurance and Realty Agency, and she was office manager until becoming ill last year. Sigma Xi. Among her survivors are her husband, **Edward** '54, 38 Keene St., Providence 02906; two sons; four daughters, including **Lisa Bishop Tuckerman**

'86 and **Margaret E. Bishop** '91; a brother **John H. Jeffers** '56; and a nephew, **David K. Jeffers** '82.

Reginald Giles Morse '58, Wayland, Mass.; July 27, of pancreatic cancer. He was first vice president in the institutional office of Paine Webber, Boston, where he had been employed for eighteen years. He had formerly worked for Auerbach, Pollack and Richardson in New York City. He was an avid outdoorsman and was a past president of the West Falmouth (Mass.) Boat Club. Survivors include his wife, Felicity, 16 White Rd., Wayland 01778; and two daughters.

Gilbert Henry Mortensen '58, Pennington, N.J.; March 3, of a heart attack. He was chairman of the mathematics department at Princeton High School, Princeton, N.J. He received his master's in education from Rutgers University in 1965. He is survived by his wife, Ruth, 274 Wargo Rd., Pennington 08534; and three children, including **Peter** '91.

Alice Gates Magdol-Conrad '61, New York City; July 7, of cancer. She was head of her own executive recruiting firm, Magdol & McCone, and considered one of the most knowledgeable search professionals serving the advertising industry. She also represented financial institutions such as Citibank, Bank of New York, and U.S. Trust. She founded Magdol & McCone in 1979, after fifteen years in marketing and advertising. She was a member of the American Marketing Association, American Management Association, Women Business Owners Association, Advertising Club of New York, and Financial Women's Association of New York. She is included in *Who's Who of American Women*. She is survived by her husband, Richard, 1120 Park Ave., New York 10128; a son; a stepdaughter; her mother, **Beatrice Grossman Gates** '32; and two sisters, **Caroline Gates Anderson** '71 and **Martha Gates Hays** '67.

Brian Lawrence Bigney '63, San Francisco; May 31. He was a vice president of the Imperial Bank in San Francisco. There are no known survivors.

Steven Thomas Puopolo '77 A.M., Cumberland, R.I.; Aug. 4. He was a self-employed copywriter and creative consultant for local companies and advertising agencies. Previously he had been creative director and copywriter for Lotus Development Corporation, Cambridge, Mass. He also taught advertising at the Art Institute of Boston and was a member of the Ad Club of Boston. Before moving back to Rhode Island in 1986, he was employed by the Christian Broadcasting Network in Virginia Beach, Va. He was a member of Berea Presbyterian Church, Cranston, R.I., where he taught Bible studies and Sunday School and directed children's plays. Survivors include his wife, Carole, Old Forge Rd., Cumberland.

Jack Berman '79, San Francisco; July 1, in the shooting that afternoon at the San Francisco law offices of Pettit & Martin in which eight

people died and six others were wounded. He received his law degree from Boston University in 1984 and was a partner with the San Francisco firm of Bronson, Bronson & McKinnon, where he specialized in labor and employment law. He was chair of the firm's pro bono committee and elected a partner in 1992. On the day of the shooting, he was visiting the Pettit & Martin offices to take a deposition from a client. He was active in a number of organizations, including the American Jewish Congress, for which he served as regional president for three years. He founded Tax-Aid, a group of volunteer lawyers who offer tax assistance to low-income residents, and was a director of the San Francisco Transitional Housing Fund, which assists the homeless. He served on the AIDS Legal Referral Panel, which gives legal advice to AIDS sufferers. In 1988 he participated in the Chamber of Commerce San Francisco Leadership Program. He is survived by his wife, Carol Kingsley, c/o Bronson, Bronson & McKinnon, 505 Montgomery St., San Francisco 94111; and a son.

Valerio Silva Fortes '82 A.M., East Providence, R.I.; Aug. 6. Born in St. Vincente, Cape Verde Islands, he came to the United States in 1967. He was a self-employed tax preparer and interpreter for ten years before retiring four years ago. He also taught American citizenship and English in the New Bedford (Mass.) Adult Education program. Survivors include his wife, Ester, 29 Walnut St., East Providence 02914; and a son. **B**

Finally...

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has lost here earlier. The mother takes her son by the arm and says, "That boat is so far away – it's as far away as Miami."

Back in Miami, I show my family photographs of the Country Club, my grandmother's house, Paseo del Prado, and the Malecón. My stepbrother can't wait for the day he can visit Havana without a special visa for "travel in enemy territory." How far is it from Miami to Cuba?, I ask him. He guesses 300 miles. (Most young Cuban-Americans I know respond between 300 and 500.) The truth is, the 180 miles between Miami and Havana is less than the distance to Florida's border with Georgia.

Cubans in both countries are intrigued by – even obsessed with – the possibility of rediscovering their compatriots on the other side of the Straits. An entire generation can hardly wait for the day when as *far away as Miami* won't be far at all. **B**

Robert Arellano is a student in Brown's Graduate Program in Creative Writing.

Finally...

By Robert Arellano



Minutes after completing its ascent out of Miami International Airport, our plane commences its descent into José Martí International. Passengers press against the windows, mesmerized by miles of verdant cane fields diverging in hypnotic rows. In the distance, Havana Bay sparkles like a jewel before a shimmering backdrop of skyscrapers.

But the first-time travelers to Cuba are anxious. Can they snap photographs freely? Will they have to watch what they say? The uncertainty and sense of vulnerability are heightened for me, for I am not now, nor have I ever been, a *yanqui*. Cubans are a stubborn people, covetous of their culture and homeland. Growing up in Miami and New Jersey, I was imbued by my parents with a sense of this island as *patria*.

A few hours ago I was having breakfast with my family on the fifth-floor balcony of our condominium on Key Biscayne. As I returned the steady gaze of the Atlantic, my father served me coffee and advice. His words prepared me for an encounter with a people impoverished not just materially, but also intellectually, by a propagandistic press and a dictatorial government.

The last time my parents took this brief flight was in 1960, and they were headed in the opposite direction. When the pilot announced to the cabin full of exiles that the airplane would have to turn back because of a faulty propeller, my mother calmed my sisters and brother by telling them the pilot had forgotten the way to Miami. My family arrived in Miami an hour behind schedule, and in more than thirty years not one of us has been back. Until today.

In 1958 my parents attended weekly

THE STRANGERS NEXT DOOR

teas at the Havana Country Club. On Saturdays, my father played tennis here and my mother taught my eldest sister to swim. Today the Country Club still boasts grand ballrooms, tennis courts, and a swimming pool. But the grounds are now the main campus of the Instituto Superior de Artes, Cuba's national college of the fine and performing arts. Late in the day, students and faculty can be found in the bar enjoying a soda or, when it's available, a beer.

I strike up a conversation with a table of students about my age, introducing myself as a Cuban-American researching contemporary Cuban cinema. Immediately the young people begin researching *me*. What did my parents do before the revolution? What are the latest speculations about Cuba's future among Cubans in Miami? What movies have I seen recently? A filmmaker named Manuel tells me that on Thursday and Sunday nights, Cuban television presents double features of recent Hollywood films. In a matter of minutes I feel remarkably at ease among my contemporaries on this island.

We discuss the genius of Martin Scorsese, whose *Goodfellas* recently ran on Cuban TV. I tell Manuel the story of John Hinckley, whose letters to Jodi Foster revealed he was trying to emulate *Taxi Driver's* Travis Bickell character when he attempted to assassinate Ronald Reagan. Manuel mutters, "If I could make a film that would inspire someone

to shoot Castro, I'd count it an artistic success."

Ramon, a video artist, is more moderate. He is grateful to Fidel Castro for tumbling Batista's corrupt dictatorship, yet he believes it's time for a new Cuba. Ramon identifies himself foremost with his homeland; Manuel agrees, and offers a toast to *patria*.

I am surprised, listening to Manuel and Ramon. Surprised at their outspokenness, at their candor and tolerance of each other's opinions, at the nuances of their convictions. Neither cuts the figure of socialist ideologue or surreptitious revolutionary that I expected to find.

Most of all, I am surprised at myself for being surprised. Why did I doubt I would encounter in Cuba a discriminating patriotism, one that is at once reverent and critical? These young people remind me of students in the United States. Why should I have doubted that Cubans would be individuals?

Ramon and I discover that the house my parents abandoned in Havana is just a few blocks from his childhood home. If my family had stayed here, Ramon and I might have attended the same school; we might have been friends.

When Cuban-Americans look south from Miami Beach, and Cubans look north from Havana, we see an ocean of ideological difference nearly impossible to traverse. In the Straits of Florida we see an obstacle as forbidding and significant as the old Berlin Wall.

Walking along the Malecón – the great sea wall that stretches for eight miles facing the distant, invisible Florida Keys – I overhear a boy of five or six demanding that his mother find a toy boat he

continued on previous page

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It was in June 1942, a wartime summer semester, that I entered Brown. In September 1943, at the "invitation" of Uncle Sam, I left for service in the Navy.

When I resumed my studies in September 1946, most of my fellow students at Brown were veterans whose academic plans had been interrupted by the war. With the welcome assistance of the GI Bill, they were returning to college.

Fraternities then occupied and managed their own premises – handsome houses scattered about what was then the campus perimeter. Mine was Delta Phi, located on the corner of George and Prospect Streets.

The University Hall bell tirelessly tolled class periods. These classes I took with some faculty giants of the time – English with Kapstein and Kenney; physics with Miller; calculus with Archibald. It wasn't until later that I realized what a privilege it was to have experienced their tutelage.

I managed to graduate in June 1948 and strode happily down College Hill to the festive beat of the Commencement march. Since then I have marched on the occasion of every five-year reunion, most recently this year for my forty-fifth. I wanted to celebrate this milestone with a significant gift to Brown and explored various planned gift options.

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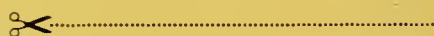
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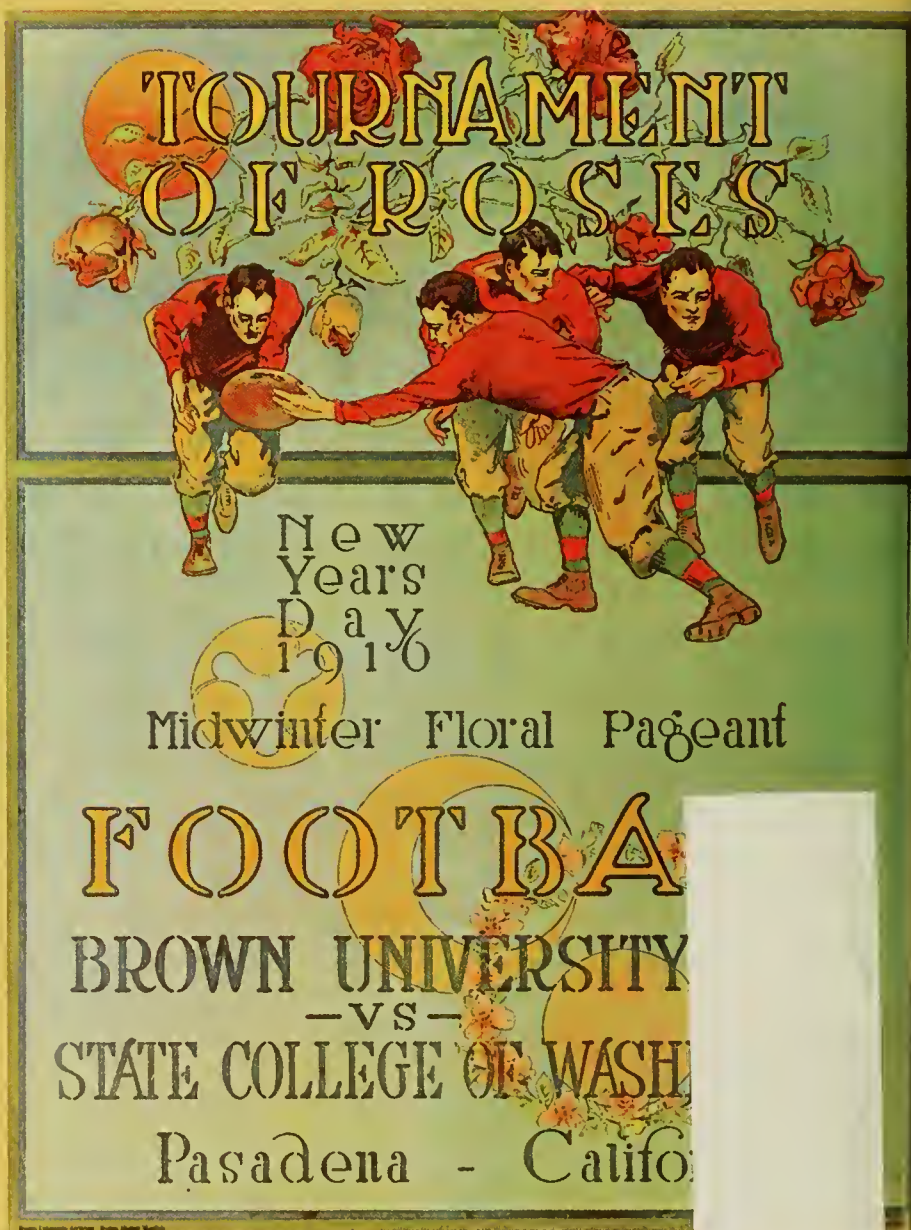
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